TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

I had so frequently appealed to the Citizens' Association to take some hand in the coming municipal election, and apparently without success that I was becoming discouraged, when the rumor reached me that it is quite possible that a meeting will shortly be held and the matter considered. It will now largely depend on the amount of self-sacrifice that some of the officers of the association are willing to make. That anybody who has a recognized position, either socially, commercially or politically, should desire to mix himself in municipal politics in their present condition with other than the best motives, is to simply presume that man to be a rascal or else devoid of sense. It may be a very great honor to be known as an alderman. Under some circumstances and in some places it doubtless is, but for a long time the title in Toronto has not been held in high esteem. To be Mayor of Toronto, to be chief executive officer in a government which spends so many millions, should excite the ambition of leading men, but it doesn't.

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We have so long been governed by incapable, though in many cases well-intentioned persons, that we have gotten into a most deplorable condition. I am not an alarmist, but I can state conscientiously that nobody knows just the fix we are in. Toronto's finances are in a mess, and we have nobody who can straighten the tangle, and that those who have been appointed for the purpose go about like school children, as I am told they are doing, trying to raise money, indicates that matters will be worse unless somebody makes an attempt to reorganize the whole business. There is a career open to the business man who will go in as mayor, and, without striving after popularity, straighten things out. No man should be placed in the mayor's chair to make him popular or to test his popularity. Toronto is sick of experimenting. There is one of our leading business men in whom people, irrespective of politics, have entire confidence. He has made a success of his business, he is one of the most approachable of men—genial, kindly, yet firm. His integrity is above suspicion. If he would accept the nomination he would be elected by acclamation. Though he is one of the most prominent Conservatives in Toronto, there is not a Reformer in the city who would say a word against him. The great difficulty is that Mr. W. R. Brock is at the head of a great business, and though he is a man of means and has an exceedingly valuable trade, he is by no means one of those millionaires who, having amassed a great fortune, can afford to retire and devote himself to works of philanthropy or politics. For many years he has been spoken of as the most desirable man for this and many other high places of public trust, but has persistently refused to listen to any such suggestions. It is exceedingly doubtful if he can be prevailed upon at this important crisis to permit his name to be used, and I confess that I have not dared approach him lest he might forbid me to even mention it in such a connection. I have taken the liberty, however, because it is useless to deal in generalities, and I desire to point out the fact that we have long enough experimented with those who have been failures when at the head of private concerns and have continued to be failures when at the head of our municipal concern. If we are to have a mayor who is to get the city out of its present entanglements he must be a man of affairs, must be successful, energetic. Such men are all at the head of important enterprises. To accept the mayoralty must be a great sacrifice to anyone of such a sort. It can bring no desirable publicity or new honor to a man who is already known and esteemed throughout Canada. The salary is trifling to a man whose charities and donations already reach as high a figure and must be doubled under the altered circumstances. How then can we persuade anyone except a 'prentice hand to accept the responsibility, unless by appealing to patriotism, to the sense of duty, to the absolute necessity of someone undertaking the task who understands and can accomplish it. If this appeal fails the result must be the continued reign of incompetence, and no one will ultimately be more seriously injured than the leading business men of the city.

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Further still, without urging anything more than the unfortunate circumstances which have surrounded the present administration, it is a solemn fact that good men cannot be induced to offer themselves as candidates under the present regime. There is no man in Toronto whose kindly, courteous, and gentlemanly bearing is more attractive than that of Mr. W. R. Brock. It would of course have to be thoroughly understood that if he or any other busy man permitted his name to be put up it would be on the understanding that he should receive a proper support in the City Council, and I am sure there are enough solid men thoroughly acceptable to the public who would volunteer to serve under him if invited by a representative organization such as the Citizens' Association. It is truly impossible to obtain their services unless Mr. Brock, or someone who enjoys to an equal extent the confidence of the people, agrees to be a candidate for the mayoralty. With the good men who are now in the Council and a dozen others who might be induced to become candidates, a mayor, who shall be well known to have made a great sacrifice in accepting the position, and a preliminary announcement that it is his intention to reform the system as well as to change the details, something could be accomplished. Nothing will be done, nothing can be done, unless the next administration is elected on the understanding that every defective thing shall be re-organized. To do this we must have men experienced in organization. To get these men, some organization which can fairly claim to represent public sentiment must step in and invite proper men to become candidates—not only invite them, but insist upon their candidature. I hope that this is the intention of the Citizen's Association, and that a meeting may be held very shortly to begin a campaign in which personal sacrifice and not personal ambition shall be the controlling impulse.

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I am in very great doubt as to the advisability of the meetings which are sometimes advertised for women only, for men only. I think it is frequently a dodge used by sensationalists to attract an audience by suggesting the idea that something is to be said which it would be improper for one of the other sex to hear. There is an old story about a missionary who went to a mining camp to preach. His audience was very unruly and frequently interrupted him. Pausing in his address he said, "You don't seem to appreciate what I am saying. Perhaps it is a little dry. All those of you who would like me to tell a smutty story hold up your hands." Everybody in the room voted in favor of the story. The preacher went on with his sermon, and was listened to for five or ten minutes when one of the miners shouted out: "Why don't you tell us that story?" The preacher paused and then retorted: "I didn't intend to tell any smutty story. I just took a vote to see how many blackguards there were in the room." I am afraid it is something of the same spirit of the mining camp which attracts the audiences who desire to hear addresses "to women only" and "men only." An indelicate episode happened here in the city very lately when a woman-preacher—and one whose piety is highly esteemed—was addressing an audience of her own sex and one of her congregation thought she detected the presence of "a man." There was a wild hub-bub for a while, and though it was finally decided that "he" was a woman, it suggests to me that either something was being said which was not very delicate for one woman to say to a audience to whom she was a stranger, or else that it made very little difference whether there was a man in the room or not. No doubt a woman who desires to do good should avail herself of every opportunity to converse with her sisters and those with whom she is acquainted, in private, but it seems to me venturing on very thin ice when a congregation of all sorts and conditions of women come together to hear matters appertaining to their sex discussed on the platform. I think, as a rule, those who attend such meetings are either ashamed of having been there if any broad language is used, or disappointed if they went to hear that sort of thing and found that suggestiveness had simply been used as an allurement. In either case the result cannot be really good.

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The difficulty experienced in persuading any prominent and progressive business man to take a hand in municipal politics, suggests to me the saying of something with regard to men's ideals. I do not believe I could write at all satisfactorily of what women hope for because their ideas change with their surroundings, are influenced by their affections, and are crushed by afflictions. Men who are successful or have plans which will win success if adhered to or who have not some idiosyncracy which will mutilate if not render impossible the career they contemplate, neither affection, affliction nor hope deferred can greatly change. The formless, objectless man may by accident become prominent or by spasmodic efforts occasionally fill the public eye or his private purse, but he will neither be considered great nor become powerful, rich nor exalted. To succeed, a man must have a definite purpose, he must know what he desires and if he is fortified in a resolution to accomplish that which seems to him good, there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that he will succeed. It is really wonderful how few chances there are against him if a man's ambition lies within reason, and he is unfaltering in the pursuit of it. We have been so often advised to have a definite purpose and to adhere to it in spite of every influence that we sometimes forget that frequently neither our own good nor the good of our fellowman is implied or in any way connected with our success. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the obtaining of money is the chief end of men's efforts. It cannot be denied that the obtaining of a competence is necessary, and even the prophets have written that a man is worse than infidel if he neglects his household and looketh not after his own. But look at the effect upon our social, religious and political life of such a vain ambition as money alone. Socially men are too busy making money to have a home life. The children of money grubbers grow up without having made more than the passing acquaintance of their father. Wives are left to their own devices and the mental growth and education of those who look up to a man as the head of the family are stunted. Religiously men forget the teachings of God and the rules of man in their eager pursuit of wealth. Politically the country is left to the management of professional politicans, voting to the idle and careless except when convenience or self-interest urges the would-be millionaire to deposit his ballot.

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When one looks to the rich and those who should be influential for an example, it ceases to be strange that great empires have fallen and kingdoms have ceased to be when wealth and self-indulgence have become the main objects of those who should have been the leaders of their race and prominent figures of their times. In democracies especially, nothing is more threatening to the good of the community than the very spirit which is so prevalent in Toronto to-day that wise men and comparatively rich men leave to others who are not competent and may not be honest the management of public affairs. Organizations have been created to prevent cruelty to animals, for the suppression of vice, for the advancement of science, for the cultivation of art, for everything except the maintenance of a pure, progressive and permanent city government. There is no one but those who have a personal interest in corruption who are not desirous of a reform, but it is nobody's business. Nobody is anxious to become active in an organization lest it be said: "If good good candidates are so scarce, why don't you run yourself?" An old bachelor was once asked why he had not married, and he replied: "The woman I want I can't have, and those who will have me the devil wouldn't have." To a certain extent this is true of Dame Toronto. Those she would have are engrossed in other pursuits, have not felt the touch of impulse, the call of duty nor the noble fire of municipal patriotism. Those who coax and woo her, those suitors who are always anxious for her favor, are undesirable. This by no means applies to every man who has been an unsolicited candidate for public favor. Very frequently local grievances have disturbed the calm of most worthy men and the purest desire to serve the city has impelled others to become candidates. But the noisiest and most influential, the most persistent and most pestilent, have been those who had no interest to serve but their own, who had no object clean enough to be made public, no principle that was not a pretence, no expressed hope that was not hypocritical.

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If we remain in this condition the city must suffer and the citizens must share in the disaster which will surely result. We have already arrived at the point when the ambitions which are otherwise directed, the men who are otherwise employed, the hopes which have been fixed elsewhere, must be focussed upon the significant fact that something must be done and that it is not a question of ambition but of duty, of self-interest that our affairs be put on a business basis, and those who have before them a well-defined career should remember that the shortest road to it and the right road to it is the path of duty, that if the general good be neglected private interest must suffer.

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The tendency and meaning of Roman Catholic separate schools were well exemplified at the last meeting of the Toronto Board, when it was decided that teachers from the religious community of Loretto shall replace the present secular teachers at St. Helen's school. The contention that the present secular teachers be retained found no favor, my old friend, Father McCann clinching the argument against it by saying that the school in his parish was the only one in Toronto in which the teachers did not belong to the religious communities. Of course I am only discussing this from a secular point of view, but it strikes me as a great pity that the Separate Schools of Toronto, supported by money raised by taxation, should be taught by those who have to undergo no examination. The teachers in the public schools are forced to pass an examination in order to protect the child—the growing citizen—from being wrongly taught. In the Separate schools no such examination of teachers is made so long as the teachers belong to a religious order. I attempt to throw no doubt upon the piety and moral worth of such teachers, and it is quite possible that their attainments are sufficiently high to entitle them to a teaching position, but it is not the rule of the state to grant teachers' certificates to people who are pious or are members of a vestry or conference, and it should not be permitted for anyone to teach the coming citizen without passing an examination. That the church is anxious to have these unexamined members of a community take charge of the schools, is evident from the good Father McCann's statement that St. Helen's school was the last in the city in which the teachers did not belong to a religious order. It now means that the Separate Schools of Toronto, with this one exception, are in charge of teachers who have not passed a public examination, and that the school books used in these schools are not necessarily those authorized by the Department of Education. Moreover, they are not inspected by the same inspector who looks after the Public Schools, but by inspectors who are officers of the province, not of the city, men who have received their appointment because of ecclesiastical influence and will only be retained so long as they are acceptable to the church. These, indeed, are Separate Schools, very much more separated than they ought to be, so "separate" in fact that the money raised by taxation for their support might just as well be handed to the bishops and spent as they see fit. Any apparent public control over them is but a pretence, and I am quite sure the Catholics of Toronto in their hearts believe with me that it is a mistake.

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Speaking about the clergy, I notice that the *Globe* is putting itself in shape to fight those Roman Catholic bishops who have been helping the wicked Tories in their election campaigns. It seems to me that Brother Farrar was not given a seat in the *Globe* building for nothing, and his attack on Bishop Cameron of Antigonish though perfectly justifiable, had about it the ring of his old editorials on the *Mail*. The *Globe* in fact has warned the clergy in other provinces that their conduct shall not save any man from "just" criticism, if he issues a document intended to injure a Reform candidate. The activity of the leading members of the Reform party in stumping the country, the publication of the Quebec scandal which, by-the-way, if true, is a most frightful revelation and if false a serious libel—all indicate their belief than an election is not far off and that they can carry the day. They are always hopeful. Hope deferred maketh not the Grit heart sick in Dominion politics, while his friends are in power in Ontario where office is easy and money plentiful to the faithful.

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The *Evening News* is to be complimented on the able review it published this week of the Ontario Government's aggression in the matter of licenses. It proved from official documents by figures which cannot be denied, that since 1880 the provincial treasury has received over a quarter of a million dollars for liquor licenses issued in this city. The Reformers have been so boastful about having kept Ontario from direct taxation that the *News'* question is very pertinent, "If this is not a provincial tax what is it?"

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So many novels would not be written especially by women or so widely read and admired by the same sex in which very intense men are the heroes, if there was not in the female mind a well-defined idea that no man loves a woman who is not thoroughly devoted to her, ready to adopt any measures to win or retain her. The gentle sex, I imagine, have some queer notions, one of which is that love should so possess a man's being that he can't even give a strabismic glance at another woman or be absorbed in any other pursuit than courting and the making of pretty speeches. I said that this was an idea of the female mind, and I said it advisedly. It is not in the female heart to love that kind of a man better than the one who has been described as "onsartin." The man who is a devotee at a woman's shrine becomes her slave, then she ceases to love him much as she may scold and suspect that other sort of a man who loves wisely, good-temperedly and without frequently making an ass of himself.

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An incident happened at Cobourg station the other evening, when a discarded lover named McGuire pushed a Miss Tucker and her male escort between two moving trains with the alleged intention of killing them. McGuire had already served a term in prison for having tried to kill Miss Tucker's father who refused to permit him to come to his house. Now, no woman should ask any greater devotion than McGuire had displayed, and it is not at all infrequent that men are so deliriously attached to a woman that they kill her and commit suicide rather than see her loving another. Of course there is no more unutterable ass than that sort of a man, and women should remember that he is exactly the sort of a fellow with whom it is almost impossible to get along. They do remember it, yet they frequently make themselves unhappy by demanding exactly that sort of devotion, forgetting apparently that the nature capable of it is too narrow and inflammable to be controlled by good sense or to act with anything approaching to good manners. The man who yields such homage demands it, and his insistence is generally backed by a pistol or a club. There is much good sense in the little distich:

> "Love me little, love me long,
> . . . . . .
> Love that is too hot and strong,
> Burneth soon to waste."

Or if it does not burn to waste will burn everything up all around it!

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I often pity the great and growing army of unloved women, many of whom are the most lovely. The greater portion of them are what we sometimes derisively call old maids. There is no doubt that having left unfulfilled nature's intention that they should be wives and mothers, they frequently grow to be peculiar. Sometimes amongst those who have never really loved and made sacrifice for those they loved, they become almost silly in their des-

FRIENDS.

perate pursuit of that awful creature "a man." But some of the most beautiful lives are lived by those who, having loved, still cling to their ideal, never expecting to realize it other than by their attachment to a being who perhaps never existed, and who to them is now nothing but a memory. Some of them have uncomplainingly suffered wrongs, and yet make answer with nothing but a smile when they are accused of "never having had a chance." Theirs is a strength of attachment I admire. It is seldom found amongst men, though I know of an instance of a man who loved a woman and was jilted by her. Twenty years afterwards he was still single and loved the daughter of the old sweetheart who had gone over to the majority. He was engaged to marry her though he was forty-two and she but eighteen. The daughter also jilted him and he took to his bed without a word of complaint and six weeks afterwards was dead of rapid decline. There are such things as constantly speaking, as hearts. Fidelity is more than a name, yet who can be unaffected by the cynicism of the age when they see those who are most worthy treated with the least consideration. Passionate love and awful soul-consuming jealousy are being left more and more to boys and girls, and in turn are being left by them to the immature of the succeeding generation, for the chilling air of this planet seems to make them powerless except in hearts through which throbs the hot blood of youth now that all sentiment which is unreasonable, and all attachments which are unprofitable, are esteemed unfashionable and akin to insanity.

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My attention has been kindly called to the fact that a story signed Celia Cole, in the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, is pirated from the works of an English writer who was very popular a score of years ago and is still loved by readers of good old-fashioned literature. This story was purchased by SATURDAY NIGHT from a New York syndicate, largely because the illustrations had been prepared to suit it and the style was so charming. It is almost the only article in the book which is not Canadian, and it shall be the last thing of the kind which shall ever find a place in our holiday issue. DON.

## Social and Personal.

The Pavilion was gaily decorated last Tuesday evening, when St. Andrew's Society gave its annual ball. Flowers, palms, bunting and appropriate designs relieved the plain appearance of the walls, and the brilliant or delicate shades of the ladies' dresses were fittingly thrown out by the gay-colored uniforms or enchanced by the sombre tints of the regulation evening dress of their partners.

The complimentary list was as follows: The Lieut.-Governor and Miss Campbell, Miss Strange, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Chief Justice Hagarty, Chief Justice and Miss Armour, Sir Thomas and Lady Galt, Chancellor and Mrs. Boyd, Sir C. S. and Lady Gzowski, Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, Col. F. C. and Mrs. Denison, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Sir John A. and Lady Macdonald, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. John Small, M.P., and Mrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Mr. G. A. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pellatt, Miss Pellatt, Mr. D. J. Macdonnell, Rev. and Mrs. G. M. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Hon. John B. and Mrs. Robinson, the President of the Caledonian Society and Mrs. H. Miller, the President of the Curling Society and Mrs. Plews, the President of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society and Mrs. Bowes, Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, Col. Stevenson, Aid. and Mrs. Swait, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McMurray, Mr. H. H., Mr. and Miss Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. C. W., and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. D. Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Maclean, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Miss Street, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Dr. Moore of Brockville, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Miss Burton, Lieut. Macleod, Lieut. Laurie, Lieut. Evans, Major Vidal, Capt. Sears, Lieut.-Colonel Gray, Hon. A. S. and Mrs. Hardy, Hon. C. F. and Mrs. Fraser, Hon. R. and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. J. and Mrs. Dryden, Hon. O. and Mrs. Mowat.

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Those present were: Mr. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, Mr. D. W. Alexander, Mr. George Boyd, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Bastedo, Miss Bastedo Capt. G. H. C. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. James Bain, jr., Mr. R. H. Bowes, Miss Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Bateson, Mr. H. Bethune, Miss F. Bethune, Miss Alice Bethune, Mr. A. Badgeley, Miss H. J. L. Barclay, Mr. Gerald Boulton, Mr. J. W. Bain, Miss Bain, Mr. Stephen Baldwin, Miss Bell, Mr. D. H. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. George F. Bostwick, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. W. E. Burritt, Mr. A. P. Burritt, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. and Mrs. Botsford, Mr. H. R. Boulton, Mr. A. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Miss Bostwick, Mr. J. W. Boyd, Mrs. M. E. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Bingham, Miss Violet Burns, Mr. and Mrs Douglas Armour, Mr. J. G. Burnham, Dr. J. H. Burns, Miss Barker of Hamilton, Miss A. Boulton, Miss Buade, Capt. C. C. and Mrs. Bennett, Mr. James Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Bryce, Miss Brent, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. C. H. S. Clark, Mr. R. J. Beaumont, Miss Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting, Mis Bunting, Mr. A. R. Capreol, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., and Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Coöl, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, the Misses Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gaudner, Mr. and Mrs. John Catto, Mr. Charles John Catto, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Cox, Mr. Henry and Miss Helena Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mr. C. H. Stanley Clark, Mr. F. C. Clemow of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs Allan Cassels, Miss May Cassels, Miss A. Clarke, Dr. F. Cowan, Dr. D. and Mrs. Clark, Dr. and Miss Cartwright, Mr. M. Crean, Mr. F. Miss and Miss E. Dallas, Miss Davidson, Mr. Dickson, Mr. and Miss Drayton, Lieut. Col. Fred C. Denison, M.P., and Mrs. and Miss Denison, Mr. W. J. Darby, Miss Birdie Dawson, Mr. John and the Misses Drynan, Lieut. Col. Denison, Principal and Mrs. Dickinson, Miss Duncan, Miss Dunlop, Mr. and Miss Ewing, Mrs. Clara Eakin, Mr. J. Hooper Eddis, Lieut. Evans, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., and Mrs. and Miss Ferguson, Mr. T. G. and Mrs. Foster, Miss Fanny Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis J. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. John and Miss Foy, Miss Fenwick, Capt. and Mrs. W. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Gamble, Miss Greet, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. and Miss Grantham, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Gair, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Frank M. Gray, Mr. J. W. Gordon, Mr. Fred H. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. and the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mr. Albert Grant, Mr. W. Gillespie, jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie, Mr. P. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. Wm. Hendrie, jr., Mr. W. R. and Miss Kate Hees, Mr. John E. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLean Howard, jr., Miss J. McLean Howard, Mr. Stephen Haas, Mr. T. M. Harrison, Mr. J. C. Hardy, Mr. H. Hunter, Lieut.-Col. Hamilton and Miss Hamilton, Mr. C. Henderson, Mr. C. R. Hamilton, Mrs. S. Hetherington, Hon. Mr. Harcourt and Mrs. Harcourt, Mrs. E. Hay, Mrs. H. R. Holt, Mr. George M. Higinbotham, Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock Hubbard, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mrs. J. Henderson, Mr. Fred Jones, Mr. F. A. Jones, the Misses Jones of San Francisco Mr. and Mrs. P. Jamieson, Mr. E. B. Jarvis, Mr. W. T. Jennings, Miss Helen Kay, Mr. Frank Kay, Mr. D. Kennedy, Miss Maud Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. G. Kennedy, Mr. C. A. Kinnear, Surgeon-Major Keefer, Lieutenant Laurie, Miss Lockington, Mr. George W. Laurie, Mr. Hugh Leach, Mr. D. Lehman, Mr. C. Macdones, Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. F. Markham, Mr. Frank McPhillips, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. G H. MacPherson, Mr. W. D. Macintosh, Lieut. MacMahon, Miss McIntosh, Mr. J. D. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. L. MacKay, Miss McDonnell, Mr. J. Gordon McKay, Mr. J. W. McDougall, Mr. M. M Connell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McDougall, Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. John McKnight, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Thomas McGaw, Miss M. McDermid, Mrs. A. McLean, Mr. D. A. McPherson, Mr. John F. McRae, Mr. J. D. Mackay, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Miss E. C. Miller, Miss Marks, Mr. Montizambert, Mr. W. L. Miller, Mrs. J. F. Michie, Miss Sophie Michie, Mr. J. Gordon and Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. S. May, Capt. Michie, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hamilton Merritt, Mr. Arnold Morphy, Mr. and Miss F. A. Murray, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Miss J. Moss, Miss Laura Moss, Miss Alice Michie, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Meredith, Mr. G. S. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Miss Nairn, Mr. John Nairn, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Lieut.-Col. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Pender, Miss Perkins, Mr. David Pews, Miss Isabel Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Paterson, Lieut. Peuchen, Mr. F. B. Poland, Mr. Charles Powell, Mr. K. L. Perry, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rae, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rogers, Mr. Hugh and Miss Ryan, Miss Rose, Mrs. Stephen and Miss Richards, Mr. and Miss R. T. Rutherford, Mr. C. C. Ross, Miss Rogers of New York, Mr. J. F. Ramsay, Miss Cora Reid, Mr. and Miss Riordan, Mr. G. B. Smith, M.L.A., Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Simpson, Mr. Robert Sean, Mr. D. T. Symons, Col. and Mrs. Sewy, Miss Smith, Mr. W. Stitt, Mr. W. A. Stuart, Mrs. Austin Smith, Miss Solomons, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, M.P., Mr. J. M. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Simpson, Dr. Spilsbury, Mr. A. Smith, Miss Kate Symons, Mrs. and Miss Skae, Mr. and Mrs. A. J Somerville, Dr. Sayer, Mr and Mrs. J. W. Scott, Miss Carrie Smith, Mr. John T. Small, Mr. H. Harvey Smith, Ald. and Mrs. Swait, Dr. Stuart, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Thorburn, Mr. A. W. T. Tassie, Dr. and Miss Trow, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Mr. J. J. Thielkeld, Mr. J. F. Thompson, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Torrance, Dr. Thile, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mr. W. W. Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker, Mr and Mrs John Wright, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie Woods, Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Watson, Mr. Charles Walker, Miss Walsh, Miss G. H. Williams, Mr. H. D. and Mrs. Warren, Miss Young.

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Among the handsomest gowns were those worn by the following ladies: Mrs. Bankes, a cream-colored brocade, with gold embroidery, ornaments of diamonds; Mrs. Robert Nordheimer, pale yellow satin and tulle, with pearl embroidery and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Kerr, delicate cream and blue brocade and white gauze; Mrs. Sweny, white silk and white lace; Mrs. Cockburn, white and silver brocade, with lace ornamentation; Mrs. McCarthy, pale gray brocade and white lace; Mrs. Torrance, white brocaded silk, with pearl-embroidered tablier; Mrs. Fitzgibbon, corn-colored brocade; Mrs. O'Reilly, shrimp satin, with pearl trimming; Miss Dawson, pale blue tulle and silver; Miss Wilkie, white tulle, with sprigs of heather; Miss Sibyl Seymour, pale green tulle; Miss Bunting, white chiffon; Mrs. Allan Cassels, black gauze, with jet garniture; Miss Strange, white tulle and tartan sash.

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Mrs. Parsons of Queen's Park gave a very enjoyable tea on Thursday afternoon of last week and was assisted in receiving her many guests by her daughters and Miss Taylor of Ottawa. Mrs. Parsons wore black and white, Miss Annie, black and gold, Miss Nellie, corn color, and Miss Taylor, pink. Among the guests I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Kertland, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. and Miss Burns, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Messrs. Kortright, Mr. Hollyer, Miss Castle, Mrs. C. Baines, Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Miss Boulbee, Miss Minnie Parsons, Hon. A. Stanley of Ottawa, Mr. H. Ward of Port Hope, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Denison, Mrs. Horace Thorne and many others.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout left last Wednesday to spend the winter in New Orleans.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston are guests at Chestnut Park.

*

Mrs. Stephen Heward of Peter street gave an afternoon tea to her friends on Wednesday.

*

Mrs. Oliver Macklem of Rosedale welcomed guests to afternoon tea on Wednesday.

*

Miss McIntosh of San Francisco is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gibson of Grange road.

*

Mrs. J. Burns of College street will welcome a number of friends to afternoon tea to-day.

*

Mrs. Wyld of St. George street gave afternoon tea to her friends on Thursday.

*

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson gives an At Home on Tuesday next.

*

Miss Fiossie Taylor of Ottawa is the guest of Mrs. Parsons of Queen's park.

*

Miss Cockburn is the guest of her sister Mrs. W. Gwynne of Prince Arthur avenue.

*

Mrs. Torrance gave a charming luncheon on Friday of last week.

*

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt will be at home to her friends on Tuesdays in December at 90 Bloor street east.

*

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. George's church will hold their annual sale and entertainment on Thursday and Friday, December 11 and 12. The entertainment will consist of specially good tableaux, a Punch and Judy and well-chosen music.

*

The ball given by the guests of the Arlington on Friday of last week must be classed among the most delightful dances of the season. The building itself lends a great help to a successful evening. The reception committee, composed of Messrs. G. Herbert Dartnell, jr., George B. Roberts and J. Frazer Bryce, took charge of the entrance hall and guided the guests to the cloak rooms and thence to the reception room, where the lady patronesses were receiving. They were Lady Cartwright, Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Napier Keefer, Mrs. Frank Anderson and Mrs. James P. Murray. A few minutes after nine the guests had filled the reception rooms to overflowing, necessitating an adjournment to the ball room, which was tastefully decorated with flags and plants. The floor committee was composed of Messrs. W. A. Dickson, Major Keefer, R. W. Thompson and James P. Murray. Mr. W. L. Frantz, as master of ceremonies, acquitted himself of his onerous duties with pleasure to everybody. The supper was supplied in the usual good style of the house. The dancing was kept up till tired nature called a halt and a most enjoyable evening's entertainment was brought to an end. I regret that lack of space prevents my describing some of the many charming costumes.

*

The following is a list of the invited guests: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Miss Anderson, Mr. Ernest Andrews, Mr. Frank Anglin, Mr. G. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ardaswami, Mr. Cyril Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ambery, Mr. Foster Ambery, Miss E. Armstrong, Mr. A. Boyd, Miss J. Bell, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Alfred and Miss Boulbee, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Baldwin, Mr. and Miss Brown, Miss Emily Benson, Miss Brough, Miss Constance Brough, Mr. and Miss Bunting, Miss Adelaide Bunting, Mr. C. Bickford, Mr. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. J. Boyd, Mr. F. W. Billings, Mr. Ralph Bruce, Dr. Allan Baines, Miss Brooks, Mr. Clarence Bogert, Mr. A. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Backstock, Mr. and Mrs. George Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Bilton, Mr. R. Bilton, Mr. R. L. Cowan, Mr. James Crean, Mr. F. Christopher, the Misses Cawthra, Mr. Alex. Cartwright, Mr. F. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. W. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Blainey Clark, Mr. W. Cameron, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, Mr. F. Carmichael, Mr. J. B. Cook, the Misses D'Espard, Mr. P. and Miss Dumoulin, Mr. D. R. Duquis, Dr. John L. Davidson, Mr. Fred. W. Dronhall, Miss Dartnell of Whitby, the Misses Durfor of Philadelphia, Mr. J. W. and the Misses Drynan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dennis, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Denison, Miss Dawson, Mr. George Eakins, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly Evans, Mr. Percy Elliott, Mr. F. Fellows, Miss Alice Fuller, the Misses Forbes, Mr. Mr. G. H. and Miss Finlay of Guelph, Mr. Ford Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Francis, Mr. and Mrs. G. Frith, Mr. G. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, Miss Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Fairclough, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Flock of London, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, the Misses Foy, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Mr. Scott Griffin, Capt. Forsyth Grant, Mr. F. and the Misses Gale of Niagara, Miss and Miss Mable Gurney, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Grier, the Misses Grier, Mr. J. E. Grass of Whitby, Miss Grant, Mr. Edward Hargraft, Mr. William Harty, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Aubur Hamilton, the Misses Hugel, Mr. E. Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Hill on, Mr. and Mrs. Howe of Niagara, Mr. Gordon Heward, Miss and Miss Edith Heward, Mr. C. L. Hoyne, Mr. Hamilton, Miss Hazarty, Mr. J. Clerk Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hunt of St. Catherines, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ingals, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jarvis, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. B. Jarvis, Mr. Harold Jones, Mr. Alvan Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses King-mill, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. R. Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, King-mill, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Langmuir, Mr. Laurie, Commander and Mrs. Law, the Misses Murphy, Mr. Arnold Murphy, the Misses Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. W. Fred. Meghar, Mr. E. Morphy, Mr. H. Mowat, Mr. D. Moison, Mr. and Mrs. Monday, Mr. Ed. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the Misses Maul, Mr. P. Maul, Mr. Mee, Mr. Colson Moroni, Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, Dr. McMahon, Mr. MacMillan, Mr. R. Mitchell, Mr. Harold Macdonald, Mr. Percy Macdonald, Mr. Ed. Mackay, Mrs. A. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Murray, Mr. Stewart Morrison, Dr. D. A. Macdonald, Mr. C. Macdonell, Mr. J. J. McKenzie, Mr. J. M. McKenzie, Mr. George McNiden, Mr. A. Macpherson, Dr. A. A. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. McCullock, Mr. W. Macdonald, Mr. James Macdonald, Mr. A. J. McDonell, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. N. McMichael, Mr. J. Kidson Macdonald, Mr. F. J. McIntosh, Mr. Bryce McMurrich, Mr. D'Arcy McMahon, Miss McFullar, Mr. McDonald, Capt. and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. C. Macdonell, Mrs. McKenna, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. William McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McCarthy, Mr. W. Noxon, Mr. Wilbur Noxon, Miss Ettie Nicholson, Miss Alice O'Grady, Mr. Oswald, Mr. J. K Pound, Mr. W. Pinkerton, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Frank Polson, Miss Parsons, Mr. Harold Parsons, Mr. L. T. Pemberton, Mr. Maitland, R. S. Pope, Mr. Frank Reilly, Mr. Harold Rolph, Mr. C. D. Dickman, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsay of Hamilton, Mr. Rolt, Mr. and Mrs. Roger, the Misses Rogers, Mr. Ernest Ramsay, Mr. Frank Russell, Mrs. and Miss Edith Russell, Mr. C. C. Ross, Mr. Swabey, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. P. Scholfield, Miss Sawyer, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Scarth, Mr. W. Scott, Mr. G. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. Wilmot Strathy, the Misses Strathy, Mr. A. Scott, Mr. C. Scott, the Misses Scott, Capt. Sears, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Scales, Mr. Strange, Mr. H. C Scholfield, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Small, Mr. J. T. Small, Mr. Swabey, Miss Fanny Smith, the Misses Smith, Miss Sophie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Selski, Miss Temple, the Misses Thompson, Mr. Charles Todd, Mr. L. Tilley, Mr. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. E. Taylor, Mr. Taylor, jun., the Misses Taylor, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Enoch Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. C N. Temple, Mr. G. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. Ernest Vankoughnet, Mr. Cras. Walker, Mr. Watson, Miss Wilson, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Eric Wilson, Mr. Fred. Wilson, Mr. C. Walder, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison D. Wood of Germantown, Penn., Miss Whitley, Mr. Walter Ross-Wilson, Miss Watson, Mr. Harry Wyatt, Miss M. Wyatt.

*

Mrs. Symons gave a large and most enjoyable dance on Friday evening, Nov. 28, at her home on Avenue Road. Some of those present were Dr. and Mrs. Shaw of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Torrance, the Misses Street, Mr. J. and Miss Laura Moss, Capt. and Miss Lucy Howard, Miss Skae, Miss Thorburn, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Brough, the Misses Himsworth, Mr. and Miss Hoskin, the Misses Thompson, Mr. Martin, Miss Rae, Miss Wood, the Misses Powell, Mr. Maclean Macdonell, Miss Jarvis, Messrs. Boulton, Thompson, Muntz, Hopkins, Williams and A. J. Boyd.

*

The following friends dined with Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon on Saturday evening last: His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright, the Attorney-General and Mrs. Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Mr. Justice Burton, Col. and Miss Dawson, Capt. Sears, Mrs. Beecher, Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir and Mr. D'Arcy MacMahon.

*

An admirably arranged social function occurred on Saturday last at Atherley, the residence of Mr. Fitch on Jarvis street. Mrs. Fitch was ably assisted in entertaining by her charming daughters, Mrs. Hetherington—whose home is with her mother at Atherley—and Mrs. Clemow of Ottawa. The floral decorations were at once numerous and beautiful, and among the guests were Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Nattress, Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. H. Cameron, Mrs. P. Jarvis, Miss F. Smith, Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Miss DuMoulin, the Misses McLean, the Misses Bethune, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Savigney, the Misses Lockhart, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Alex. Fraser, Miss Bunting, Miss Torrance, Miss Vickers, Messrs. J. B. Clarke, Boyd, Vickers, Jarvis, Wyatt and Walkiate.

*

The marriage of Mr. Harry J. Watson to Miss Minnie Massey was celebrated on Thursday evening of last week at the residence of the bride's mother, Bloor street west. Owing to a recent bereavement only the immediate relatives were present. Miss Massey is the eldest grandchild of Mr. H. A. Massey, and was married on her eighteenth birthday. The wedding gifts were numerous and costly. The happy young couple left for Montreal to spend a few days, returned to the city for St. Andrew's ball and then resumed their wedding journey westward.

*

Mr. W. S. Tennant of 210 Dovercourt Road having apprised Mrs. H. M. Stanley that he and Mrs. Tennant had named their baby girl after her, received the following reply:

"DETROIT, November 28, 1890.

"*Mrs. Tennant:*

"DEAR MADAM,—I am happy to think the name I parted with on 12 h July last is again to be associated with the name of Dorothy. May the new Dorothy Tennant be as happy as her predecessor, and when she changes the name of Tennant for some other name, may she be as blessed and fortunate as

"Yours sincerely,

"DOROTHY STANLEY."

*

The Olf Social Club held their first At Home on Friday evening, November 28, at the residence of Mr. J. C. Millichamp, Markham street. A most enjoyable evening was spent in dancing. Great credit is due to the members of the club for the success of the evening.

## Art and Artists.

The art event of the week is Mr. G. A. Reid's exhibition of summer work. Mr. Reid spent the summer no further distant than Lambton, therefore his pictures are calculated to appeal to our local feeling. His work also indicates a versatility of which few artists are possessed. His exhibit work in portraiture, figure subjects and landscapes. Although Mr. Reid has not heretofore passed as a landscape artist particularly, the most of the pieces shown in this collection owe much of their interest to the exquisite rendering of their landscape setting. His largest work is entitled The Sunny Path. A number of children are returning from the berry-patch with pails and baskets full. In the foreground a little girl is stooping to tie her shoe, while her two companions wait. The pathway winds up the hill until broken by a fence at the summit. In the distance are the woods overlooking the Humber. The figures are charming and realistic Canadian scene. The treatment of both figures and landscape is excellent. The atmospheric effects of distance and well-lighted foliage show improved on, and the rendering of the vegetation is splendid. Another pretty little figure piece is A Deputation. The Clover Field and Gathering Wild Flowers are two charming bits of landscape with figures of children. The rest of the smaller pictures are principally landscape. The Mill Stream, Cobblers, portraits of Hon. Edward Blake and Mrs. Oliver Mowat. The portrait of the eminent jurist is a striking likeness. The modelling of the features is excellent and brings out well the character of his strong countenance. The picture of the boys in the hay loft, entitled The Story, which has recently returned from Paris, is also on exhibition.

*

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's sale of pictures on Wednesday was well attended and fairly successful. The sum realized for the fifty or sixty pictures sold amounted to almost $2 300. His large painting, Cape Trinity, not reaching the figure it was valued at, was bid in, and will be presented to the National Gallery at Ottawa.

## Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. John Orr, who has been abroad for six months, has returned to Hamilton and is the guest of Mrs. Hoodless for a short time.

Messrs. Burns and Gillespie attended the Hunt Club Ball in London on Friday evening, November 28.

Mrs. Gardner of Bold street gave a large children's dancing party last evening. All the little ones had a most delightful time.

Mr. W. A. Spratt of Toronto spent Sunday in town with his sister, Mrs. Henry Bickle.

Dr Griffin has returned from Philadelphia.

The junior bachelors intend giving a ball in the Arcade Assembly Hall, on December 10. The following ladies will act as patronesses: Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. Leggatt, Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Billings and Mrs. Ritchy.

Dr. Strange of Toronto was the guest of Mr. J. J. S uart of Hannah street, last week.

The Ida Van Cortland company will occupy the Grand all next week.

Miss A. Hendrie, who has been visiting in Detroit and London, returned home on Monday.

Cards are out for a children's dance at Mrs. Findlay's, Emerald street.

Miss Lizzie O'Reilly is visiting her sister Mrs Kittson, Upper James street.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Skinner left for New York, Saturday evening, for a short visit.

Mrs. James Turner and family have returned to Hyslop's, after being away for six months. During that time the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen occupied it for four months.

Miss Watson has been visiting friends in Barie.

Mrs. John S. Hendrie gave a delightful afternoon tea on Wednesday.

Miss Carleton of Kingston is the guest of Miss MacInnes of Dundurn.

Miss Lottridge left for Buffalo, on Thursday, to be the guest of Miss Tremaine for a few weeks. SYLVIA.


AT HOME CARDS
DINNER CARDS
WEDDING CARDS

A useful Christmas present—A box of Fine Flax Note Paper and Envelopes, embossed with your monogram.

James Bain & Son
FINE STATIONERS
39 King Street East, Toronto

MISS KYLE
(Late of 256 Wellington Street)
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER
HAS REMOVED TO
257 College Street

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

JUST RECEIVED—A new stock of 4 button Derby, Derby Mousquitaire, 4-button Champion, Champion Mousquitaire, Gents Gloves, Boys' Gloves, Misses Gloves, in all the newest shades. Millinery, Mantles Dressmaking, Perfumery and Fans. WM. STITT & CO., 11 and 13 King Street East.

THE TORONTO ART GALLERY, WITH dressing and smoking rooms, is available for "Private Ball s," "At Homes," "Receptions" Rent—Afternoons, $20; evenings, $35. Apply GEO. C. DOWNES, at the Gallery.

ELOCUTION
MR. GRENVILLE P. KLEISER
May be engaged for "Evenings of Readings" and partial programmes. Repertoire embraces:
Dramatic, Serious and Humorous Recitations
Terms and particulars on application. Permanent address— 4 King St. East, Toronto, Canada.

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TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY
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Packed in the following sizes:

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| Longfellow | - - | 25 in a box |
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This is unquestionably the finest brand of cigars in the market. Mild, rich and mellow. Superior to imported at much higher prices.

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41 KING STREET WEST
Is now showing the latest novelties in
English, French and American Millinery
Have just received a full assortment of AMERICAN VEILINGS. Chef s assortment of EVENING FANS in Ostrich Feathers and Gauze, just received.
SPECIAL
The Dressmaking department is now complete with a select stock of dress materials, suitable for afternoon and evening wear.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

HAREM
(Not the Sultan's)
CIGARETTES
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CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

## Boudoir Gossip.

UARDIAN angels are often spoken of. In the imaginations of many people they take the forms and wear the faces of those dear ones who shield us from harm. It is not by bodily strength they protect us, but by the more powerful force of their qualities of mind and heart. We depend upon them for some characteristic not possessed by us. They aid us with their influence—by their gentleness and purity; by their courage, resolution and kindly care.

The real guardian angels are beings without wings—ones which help, strengthen and encourage us. They differ from friends who are not angels, in that they speak always in season, never intrude upon sacred feelings, and are not given to producing an inflammation of the temper by irritating and ill-timed advice.

•

DEAR CLIP CAREW,—To your general questions of SATURDAY NIGHT, November 22, I answer, in sympathy with the little girl on the farm. I once knew the delights of rambling over fields and through woods, and the child's sorrow at being told, on my return from school, that my pet chicken had been consigned to the provision-stores for the next day's dinner. The cunning yellow gosling nursed so carefully grew away from my affection. The birds that I tamed, died or flew away, and dogs and all kinds of pets drifted from my care. Being an old woman I console myself with the thought that bitter and sweet must be mingled from childhood to age.

You wonder why women wear ear-rings." It is because we love the little bits of amethyst or the enamelled form of a pansy. We know that they are not sensible.

I am very late in sending this letter, but I live in the country. We have just had our Thanksgiving, and we have been very busy. So good-bye. Yours very truly,

JANE.

Thank you, Jane, for your kind letter. I am glad to know that you, too, can go back in memory to happy childhood on a farm—for it was happy—even if the kittens were drowned and the chickens eaten. But surely you do not really admire ear-rings. Do you?

•

DEAR MARGUERITE,—Your contrite little letter came this morning. I am sure "Jacob" will pardon you for your query regarding him, when I tell him that you wish me to be the bearer of your sincere regret, and quote from your gentle apology: "I know there are many true and tender-hearted men in the world—men who can be brave and strong, and whose tenderness and love is to them what the leaves are to the oak. Undoubtedly in many cases early training in loving homes has influenced their lives, and it is the high-souled, generous mothers who are the making of such men. It is a cause for thankfulness that Wordsworth's Warrior is not a myth, and there

'Is yet a soul whose master bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes.'

Jacob's ideal is a high one and worthy a noble man."

•

The Kodak promises to be useful as an umpire in matrimonial discussions. It is not long ago that a man who is generally considered a reserved, practical individual with a well-balanced head, considerable brains and very little heart, undertook to reprove his wife for "indulging in such senseless rhapsody over that baby." Quick as thought the little woman held up a photograph. He was interested, and examined it closely. It represented a man bending over a cradle, his face beaming with happiness and his arms wrapped about a tiny long-gowned figure with a very bald head. His mouth wore the expression produced by an extravagant chirrup, his eyes were wide opened, and seemed to be beseeching the commendation of the little autocrat. He looked a very happy man.

Mr. Sternicus regarded the portrait attentively. He held it still closer to his face, then started back thrust his parted fingers through his hair and darted an eager fiercely-questioning look at his laughing wife.

"Yes, dear," she answered, "it's you. I took it the other afternoon, when you stole off to the nursery. My Kodak is very handy."

He smiled sardonically. School was dismissed and the whilom tutor devoted himself to the evening paper and let the mother count the ten little pink toes fifty times over.

•

The *Jeweler's Circular* says: Many of the watches are smaller and more elaborately decorated than ever. There are watches, the cases of which are entirely covered with good-sized diamonds with a ball encrusted with diamonds hanging at the end of a gold chain.

There is a revival of the loose chain bracelet with padlock.

Necklaces, by-the-bye, are more worn than ever. Some of them take on the form of a fringe. Gold and silver beads continue to be popular.

Clocks are a favorite article of this season. Sterling silver heart clocks are affected just now for boudoir and writing tables.

A new fan is always an acceptable novelty. The last idea is an extra stick placed on the outside and movable. By means of patent fastenings, flowers can be attached to it and the rib may remain either outside or can be slipped into the center of the fan.

There is a demand not only for fancy-colored diamonds, but for all colored gems.

•

From the *Illustrated American* I clip the following: One of the latest and prettiest things in wedding fads, is the presentation to the new-married pair of a handsome blank-book, lettered and clasped with silver, and inscribed "Our Log"—that is, a log-book of their voyage on the Pacific Ocean of matrimony. The book must bear the inscription, names, date of wedding, etc, and it must have the keys to it—one owned by the husband and the other by the wife. The first entry must be of the wedding invitations, bridesmaids, ushers, presents received, and a description of the wedding from the two persons most nearly concerned in it. Then all the pleasant events afterward are chronicled, and the record is supposed to end only with death. It was originated in the navy, where the fashion of husbands and wives keeping a log during their enforced absence from each other, and exchanging these journals, has long prevailed.

It is a pretty idea, and yet to many hearts, shipwrecked upon that matrimonial sea, the dainty conceit would full often carry a measure of exquisite pain.

•

A few days before Christmas 1889, I was on board a train unusually crowded with the people who are always moving about in the holiday season. The seat directly in front of me was occupied by a slender, pale-faced girl, whose sad brown eyes had attracted me as she half turned to look back for some one. At last he came—her brother by all appearances, and they talked together earnestly until the train moved out. She had been a student at the Normal School, and successful in her examinations, was returning to her home to take a school which, she assured her brother, was "as good as promised" to her. Her clothes were shabby and out of date. He too looked poverty pinched, but they both talked hopefully of the future.

I could not help thinking what the certificate meant to her. I seemed to see the struggle and self-denial necessary for the expense of her course of study. I knew how carefully the cost of board and books had been calculated, and how slender a margin remained for clothing with nothing to spare for luxury. I admired her—a brave woman who had worked for an end, and held in her hands her hard-earned victory. But that which touched my heart was her timid, yet gleefully voiced announcement: "I managed to get the gloves for mother."

"Did you?" said the brother, in a commendatory tone. "Well, I'm real glad of that. How much did you give for them?"

"Thirty cents," answered the girl. Then she went on apologetically, "They're not much to give, but I was so short of money, and I know she'll like them. They're good and warm."

The bell rang its warning, and the non-travelers hurried off. Among them the brother, who bade his sister a quick farewell.

Her words rang in my ears in detached sentences: "They're not much to give—so short of money—know she'll like them—good and warm."

God bless the girl in her poverty, I thought, and grant to the mother a heartfelt joy in the poor gift purchased with such tender care and bestowed in all its littleness with love from a full heart.

CLIP CAREW.

### Domestic Confidences

Loud blew the night winds. Monotonously raved the early autumn katydid. And yearningly yowled the abandoned and shameless cat on the roof of the coalshed.

"Maria," observed Mr. Billus, as he leaned back in the easy chair and looked contemplatively at his wife, "your nose reminds me of an interesting novel, my dear."

"Why so, John?" she inquired.

"Because it is red to the very end."

Hoarsely murmured the night winds, perseveringly scraped the katydid, and wilder grew the wail of the melancholy cat on the coalshed.

Mrs. Billus sat in silence, listening to the weird voices of the night, her hands folded in sublime contentment, and her eyes wandering from her husband's countenance to the shadow of his profile moving up and down on the wall as the flame in the cosey grate opposite fitfully rose and fell.

"John," she said at last, "the color of your nose reminds me somehow of the Government of Louisiana."

"In what respect, Maria?"

"Because," she answered softly, "it takes a lot o' rye to keep it up."

Mr. Billus thoughtfully rubbed his nose and listened a while in pensive silence to the mournful night winds, the voice of the insistent katydid, and the despairing yowl of the ostracised cat in the back yard.

"And that reminds me, Maria," he said, reaching out for another chair to rest his feet on, "that if I hadn't married you, my dear, you would probably have been for the rest of your life like a lottery ticket after the drawing."

"Why?"

"Because you would have been all torn up, my dear."

"It wouldn't have made any difference, John," said Mrs. Billus, sweetly. "I drew a blank anyhow."

"You did, my love," said Mr. Billus, his voice trembling with tenderness, "a blank fool."

"And it would have been better for me, perhaps," she went on, plaintively, "if I had been like a newspaper with lottery advertisements in it."

"Why so, madam?"

"Because," replied Mrs. Billus, looking placidly into the fire, "then I should have been excluded from the males."

Mr. Billus got up and went out, and as Mrs. Billus sat looking dreamily at the dancing flames and listening to the sobbing night winds and the guttural refrain of the katydid, she could distinctly hear Mr. Billus swearing and throwing stones at the cat.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### His Business Ear.

Minister (repeating for the twentieth time the words of his text)—What shall I do to be saved?

Jeweler (suddenly awakened)—Wear 'anti-swear' cuff buttons.

### Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. Thirty years ago a journey from New York to San Francisco meant a tedious voyage around Cape Horn, across the Isthmus, or a still more trying and uncomfortable voyage in a "prairie clipper." Now it has dwindled down to a mere five-day's existence in a sumptuous palace car, in which no element of discomfort is allowed to enter to mar the pleasure of the tourist. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. The traveler's overcoat should be a single or double breasted ulster with a cape or capot, broad collar. It should be provided with a tab for buttoning it snugly about the throat when leaving the heated atmosphere of the car in cold weather. The cape or capot should be made detachable by means of buttons beneath the collar. The material used in such garments are of the Scotch cheviot makes, in plaids or diagonals, which make a very handsome garment. Having on hand a most desirable line of these goods, I would ask your inspection before purchasing elsewhere. Elegance and fine workmanship, combined with moderation in prices. The fashionable West End tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

### Offensive Virtue.

"Why, Tommy; why did you slap your sister Ethel?"

"She was so darned good, mamma, I couldn't help it."—*Life.*

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Daub—The town.

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Druggist—Oh, about twenty-five cents.—*Munsey's Weekly.*


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FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

# SWEET HETTY LOVELACE.

*By the author of "The Sin and the Sinner," "Love Conquers All," Etc.*

"Good afternoon, Dr. Jackson."

"Re—good afternoon, Miss Hetty," returned Denzil Jackson, taking the outstretched hand in his and bowing in his usual confusion manner. "I was coming up the road from old Mrs. Treveson's, and, hearing the organ playing, I just turned in to listen. I hope you do not mind?"

"Oh, certainly not!" answered Hetty Lovelace, smiling. "But I was only running through one or two things for next Sunday. I have so little time to spare that my practising hours are few and far between."

They were standing in the old churchyard of Liston; Hetty had just locked the church door and turned round a corner of the little ivy-covered church, when she came upon Denzil Jackson standing silently in a listening attitude, apparently waiting for the music to commence.

"Permit me to carry your music roll, Miss Hetty," said the doctor, as they slowly descended the steep gravel path to the outer gates.

"Thank you," replied Hetty, as she allowed him to relieve her of the music, not because of its weight, but for fear that she might utterly abash the diffident young doctor by a refusal.

Liston church and its churchyard stood on a gently-sloping eminence overlooking the little village in the valley below. A quarter of a mile down the only road which Liston could boast stood the Vicarage, Hetty Lovelace's birthplace and home; half a mile farther on to the right was the Hall; and midway between these two was the doctor's house, a low-roofed white building, with a great rambling lawn and a shrubbery in the rear. A few clusters of cottages were to be seen here and there; and in a wider circuit were the outlying farmhouses and lands. Away to the east stretched the great Liston Moor, with its treacherous morasses, looking black and chill in the winter haze; and miles beyond, like thin clouds on the horizon, rose the low hills of Dane.

Liston had been Hetty's lifelong home—her father had been Vicar of Liston for nearly thirty years—but Denzil Jackson was quite a new-comer, have succeeded to the practice of the late Dr. Merridew some three or four months before. The general opinion in Liston was that the neighborhood had not greatly benefited by the change. Old Dr. Merridew had been with them as long as the Vicar; he "knew their constitutions," and, what was much more to the point, he knew their tempers and their fancies. Denzil Jackson was a young man—"a slip of a lad of twenty-something—about as old as my Jim," as Mrs. Buxter, the principal farmer's wife, had put it. As a matter of fact, Denzil Jackson had said good-bye to the twenties, but his spare form, scanty light hair, and nervous blue eyes made him look several years younger than he really was. It was of very little account in the estimation of Liston that the new doctor was a doctor of medicine of an English university of high rank, a Bachelor of Medicine of London, and that he was a prominent contributor to the leading medical paper. They had no confidence in him. It did not influence Liston in the least when Mrs. Higgs, the postmistress, avowed that she had found the new doctor "real clever" with her rheumatic; "a deal sight better than that old muddler, Merridew!"—or when Mrs. Joyner, the gardener's wife, declared that at a critical period she had found Dr. Jackson "a real nice gentleman, and that patient you wouldn't believe!" Denzil Jackson's manner was diffident and reserved, which made an unfavorable impression; he was shy and ugly, a plain-featured, almost "gawky," and his hands were "all knuckles," as Beatrice Lovelace put it, which was sufficient to render him unpopular among the juniors.

Thus it was that the new doctor's brief sojourn in Liston had not been marked by much success; and sweet Hetty Lovelace, the vicar's second daughter, the mistress of his widowed household, and the patient confidant who held in her pretty little head all the small troubles of the place and found time and money for all pa'hies with every one, felt really sorry for the young doctor, and championed him on all occasions. Her sister Beatrice, however, that was and the idler, seemed to regard the arrival of Dr. Jackson as a personal slight, because she had in anticipation pictured the new-comer as an Adonis with a large private income, who would in the natural order of things lay his heart and his fortune at her feet before he had been in the village a couple of months. Beatrice even went so far as to taunt Hetty with setting her cap for the new doctor.

Hetty had certainly received a much larger share of the doctor's attentions than her sister, if his shy greetings and occasional brief calls could be termed attentions. This fact did not improve Beatrice's behavior towards this new addition to their country circle. He should at least have had the good taste to fall hopelessly in love with her and give her a reasonable opportunity of snubbing him.

But Hetty's sympathies for the doctor in his difficult task of ingratiating himself with crabbed and obstinate people were due rather to the natural sweetness of her disposition than to any particular predilection for him as a possible suitor. She was only nineteen, and could well afford to wait for that. Indeed, pretty enough, in her dark ruddy healthfulness, to have commanded a dozen. With her multifarious duties, Hetty Lovelace was far too busy to spend much time in thinking about possible lovers.

"Are you beginning to like Liston better, Dr. Jackson?" asked Hetty, as they walked down the road together—he had confided to her on a previous occasion the trouble he had in getrid on with the people.

"I think so; I fancy I am making a little more headway," he answered, with a grateful smile. "My predecessor was a very popular man; and you know it is always difficult for one to take the place of a popular man."

"Oh, they will all like you when they know you better, I am sure, Dr. Jackson!" said Hetty frankly and encouragingly.

"Thank you much for your good opinion," he returned, and then added with a bashful glance at the girl, "It is half the battle to have gained such an ally."

They had arrived at the Vicarage gates, and Hetty invited her companion to come in and drink tea; but the young man murmured an excuse about a call he expected and, raising his hat, walked on in the direction of his house.

"Poor fellow—he doesn't be very happy!" mused Hetty, as she tripped across the lawn. "It must be hard work to overcome such prejudices. I wish he had some friends; he must be very lonely in that great rambling house."

"I can't bear that muff Jackson—can you, Trix?" were the words that fell upon Hetty's ears later in the evening as she approached the library to procure a book. "I asked him the other day if he would play tennis, and he said—you know his silly way—'I'm afraid I ca-can't, Willie.'"

Hetty recognized the voice as that of her brother Willie, an incorrigible young rascal of fifteen, who was famous for harboring even a larger share of mischief in his active brain than most boys of his age.

Beatrice, the elder girl, who was lounging in an easy chair by the fire, laughed lazily at Will's imitation of the tone and manner of the unpopular doctor, and said:

"Yes, he is a silly."

"I say, Trix, what a lark it would be to send him over to old Mother Buxter's at Cranfell—a four-mile tramp, and a beastly cold night!" continued Master Will.

"You couldn't do it. He would be certain to find out who had hoaxed him, and you'd get into a nice mess, Master Will," replied Beatrice, laughing.

"Couldn't I do it!" cried Willie, excited at the prospect of an altogether novel piece of mischief. "I could scrawl the message on a bit of paper, put it into an envelope, drop it into his letter-box in the dark, as if one of the farm lads had left it, ring the bell, and hide. Wouldn't it be a lark! You know how Mrs. Buxter hates him—calls him a bit of a boy. Wouldn't there be a jolly row when he got over there! Oh, what a game!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Will, to think of such mean tricks!" said Hetty, who was now in the room and flushing with indignation. "How would you like to be sent off on a night like this on such a fool's errand?"

"All right, Miss Prim," retorted Will. "I was only thinking what a lark it would be."

"I don't know how you can sit so quietly and hear him propose such a thing, Beatrice!" pursued Hetty, as she took down her book from its place.

"I don't feel the same warm interest in the doctor that you seem to feel," returned handsome Beatrice, with a yawn.

"I saw you, Miss Prim," interposed Will, dancing wildly round the room, "coming up the road! Going down to the church to practice—eh!—or to meet your new sweetheart—which? I'll let out to the parson that you go up the church for—you see if I don't! Did he know how to kiss you, Hetty?"

"You are a silly nonsensical boy!" said Hetty, laughing in spite of herself. "I met Dr. Jackson quite by accident, and I was not talking to him more than five minutes."

"Oh, yes, that's a fine tale!" cried the incorrigible boy. "It won't do for me, you know! Won't I chaff him about it to morrow!"

"You will look very silly if you do," replied Hetty calmly, as she retreated, knowing by experience that she had but to entreat the young rascal to do nothing of the kind to ensure his doing it, and deeming it safest to drop the subject.

"I say, Trix, it would be a lark to do that, you know!" said Willie, as soon as Hetty was safely out of hearing. "Hetty would be in such an awful state when she heard of it—he'd be sure to tell her. I believe he's quite gone on Hetty."

"Silly boy—what do you know about such things?" returned Beatrice pettishly. "I wouldn't do that if I were you, Will," she continued indolently. "Hetty would be sure to tell papa, and you'd get into awful disgrace."

"Not she! Hetty's too much of a brick to split," observed the boy. "You might."

"It's nothing to do with me," replied Beatrice, returning to her book. "I only advise you not to do it; you are sure to get into trouble."

Two hours later, just as the church clock was striking the hour of eleven, the bell of the Vicarage rang, and the clear eyed hale old vicar entered the house, shaking the snow off his great coat and soft felt hat and stamping his feet vigorously upon the hall mat.

"Oh, papa, how wet you are! I really did not know it was snowing so hard!" cried Hetty, who hastened out into the hall, her work in her hand, to greet her father.

"Yes, my dear, it is coming down in earnest," replied the vicar. "I should have escaped it if I had left the Hall an hour earlier than I did, but I could not get away from Bingley. Dear me, dear me, what a rabid politician the man is!"

"Come in to the fire, papa; never mind Mr. Bingley," said Hetty, laughing. "Oh, you poor dear, you are quite frozen!" she added, as she knelt down before the glowing embers the old man's chair and felt his chilled hands.

"Soon warm them by such a fire as this!" he answered, smiling upon his favorite daughter, and bending forward to the cheerful blaze.

"Dear me, what a man Bingley is! He has all the wild ideas of traveled men. Everything in this country is wrong; everything needs an altered immediately. Ah me, the obstinacy of these young men!"

"But the squire isn't a young man, papa, surely?" queried Hetty. "Why, he must be between forty and fifty!"

"Well, Hetty, don't you call that young?" said Mr. Lovelace. "I am nearer sixty years older. Oh, yes, Bingley is quite young enough—young enough to be very crotchety, newfangled, and obstinate! Ah, he wants a wife, I think! He's quite young enough to get married—don't you think so, my sweet?"

"I am sure I can't say, papa," replied Hetty gravely. "One thing is very certain—he's old enough."

"I expect he'll be wanting to run away with one of my treasures one of these fine days," the old man went on banteringly; "I can think I can make a pretty shrewd guess which one it will be."

"Oh, don't, papa!" pleaded Hetty, blushing vividly. "I know you mean me, but how you got that idea into your head I can't imagine. I shall never be Mrs. Bingley, for the very good reason that I don't wish to. That fate is reserved for Beatrice—if—if Mr. Bingley is really up to the level of Beatrice's desires."

Hetty smiled mischievously as she added, "Now you must not tease me!" she added. "An hour or two ago it was Willie who was doing so; he selected Dr. Jackson as the happy man destined for me."

"By the way, where are Beatrice and Willie?" asked the vicar.

"Beatrice had a headache, and has gone to bed," answered Hetty; "and Willie—I don't know where Willie is. I think he must have gone to bed also."

"Talking about that young Jackson, I should think he must be wishing himself in bed by this time," said Mr. Lovelace presently. "Poor fellow—he is a really brilliant man, I feel sure, and he is very attentive to the people. No trouble seems too great for him."

"What do you mean, papa, about his wishing himself in bed?" inquired Hetty uneasily.

"Why, I met him coming along the road just now by the Poplar Corner," replied the vicar. "Dr. Jackson—Cranfell—on a great traveling-coat, and he had a lantern with him. He told me he had been called to Mrs. Baxter's over at Cranfell. Who's ill there, I wonder? Why, what's the matter, Hetty?"

The girl had sprung to her feet in consternation, an expression of horror and alarm on her face.

"Nothing, papa," she answered hoarsely, save long her face and striving to speak composedly. "But Dr. Jackson—Cranfell—on a night like this! Why, it's over four miles! Which way was he going, papa?"

"Across the moor. I advised him to go round by the road; but he laughed and said he could find his way with his lantern. Certainly it would save a difference of three miles. He would not take his horse—'the wise man is merciful to his beast.'"

"Oh, papa, how awful if anything should happen to him!" exclaimed Hetty, hiding her face for a moment in her hands.

"Tut, tut, my love—he will be all right!" said the vicar. "These doctors are rare travelers—they need be, poor fellows, out and about in all weathers. Well, my dear, I must go and do a little more to my sermon before I go to bed. Don't you sit up for me, my pet."

The old man took his daughter in his arms and kissed her. She stood half dazed and overwhelmed by the feeling of horror and doubt stealing upon her, wondering whether she was right in hiding her suspicions from her father or whether she ought to divulge what she had heard in the library and seek his counsel; but she remembered how many scrapes mischievous Will had been in lately, and she shrank from bringing upon her father so much grief and pain as this latest mad freak of Master Will's would cause him, if, as she sorrowfully surmised, her suspicions were well founded.

She resolved to find Willie at once and learn the truth. She heard her father's study door shut, and then she went swiftly from room to room, seeking for some trace of the lad. At last she reached his bed-room; there was a faint glimmer of light under the door, and she knocked softly and entered. He was there, leaning on a chair near the window and peering out anxiously at the fast-falling snow.

Willie turned with a nervous start as his sister entered the room, and stared at her with a wild, troubled, and utterly-confused look. She saw at a glance that her fears were justified.

"Willie, have you played that cruel trick upon Dr. Jackson? Oh, tell me that you have not! Say that you have not been so wicked!" she cri-d, despairingly.

"I have," replied the boy, in a scared whisper. "It's no use saying I haven't, because I have. Oh, Hetty, I say, I'm awfully sorry! Do you think he's gone?"

"He has gone, and across the moor too! Papa met him on his way from the Hall half an hour ago."

They stood for a few moments gazing at each other in silence.

"What's to be done, Hetty?" asked the boy tremulously. "Do you think there's any danger about it?"

"Danger!" echoed the girl, wildly. "Oh, wicked, wicked boy, it is full of danger for him!"

"I was afraid so," whispered Willie, in great contrition. "I have been sitting here, staring at the snow, in an awful fright for the last hour. I would have gone down to him and made a clean breast of it if I had thought he would be fool enough to go. When I put the note in his box, it was hardly snowing at all. Oh, Hetty, I'm real sorry! I do deserve a jolly good licking, I know. He shall give me one to morrow if he likes, and I won't kick!"

"Suppose there is no to-morrow for him!" said Hetty, in a strained tone. "Suppose he is lost out there in the snow?"

"What is to be done, Hetty?" gasped the boy. "Shall I go and look for him—now—at once?"

"You! Why, you know as little of the moor as Dr. Jackson does," she replied scornfully; "you would be lost yourself! No; I have made up my mind. I will go and tell Ralph."

"You, Hetty—on a night like this!" cried Willie.

"Yes," she answered dauntlessly. "I know every yard of the way, and so does Morin. I will go and find him.

"Let me come too, Hetty."

"No; what would be the use? You would only be in the way; besides, you must watch here to let me in. Papa is in the study. You will see me come in at the gate if you watch carefully."

The boy tried to dissuade her, but she interrupted him.

"You must do as I tell you; I shall be quite safe with the dog, and I'll take a lantern. I would not let papa know of this for worlds. It would break his heart to think that his son could do such a wicked thing. Now watch carefully, and when I return creep downstairs and let me in."

She went to her own room, where she put on a thick pair of boots and wrapped herself in a warm shawl and a waterproof. Then she crept downstairs and procured a little flask of brandy from the dining-room, lighted the lantern, and stole out at the kitchen door.

It was painfully cold, but the snow had almost ceased falling as Hetty stepped boldly on to the moor with the wise old St. Bernard at her heels. The wind had risen, and was blowing in great wild gusts, tossing the newfallen snow hither and thither, and building great mounds of snow-drift, rendering it at times difficult for the girl to make any headway. Still she plodded on bravely, sinking deeply into the soft snow at every fresh step, and with the fierce wind blowing boisterously around her and chilling her to the bone. The drifting snow was almost blinding, and, although the way was so familiar to her, now and then she was so ced to halt and look around for some landmark before she could feel assured that she had not wandered from the right path. She shuddered when the thought occurred to her. If she, who had traversed the moor hundreds of times, found difficulty in keeping to the track, what hope was there of the doctor, unfamiliar with the way as he was, being able to do so? If he wandered to the right, she knew he would be lost in the treacheroes of the bog; if to the left, there was the hideous morass, hidden now by the deep snow.

There one slight hope which cheered her and gave her strength. It was probable that the doctor had reached Cranfell before the drift had commenced to obliterate the path, and in that case it did not seem possible to her that Mrs. Buxter, even ill-disposed and shrewish as she undoubtedly was, would permit him to return through the storm.

How far she herself should proceed in the search was a question that did not once cross her mind; her one thought was to struggle on and on, holding out for the dim rays of the doctor's lantern. But no ray of light and no human being appeared in sight. The path became more and more difficult to follow, and the familiar signs and tokens of the way were now almost obliterated. Her strength began to fail, and her heart seemed to sink within her as she suddenly realized the danger which she was incurring in her wild attempt to prevent any harm resulting from her brother's cruelty and folly. She prayed that she save the life which he had imperilled, but what if she should succumb before the strength of the wind and the difficulties of the way, and sink down in the snow from exhaustion, to die alone, with none to see her save the great faithful dog who now walked silently at her side, his poor wise eyes turned from time to time to his young mistress's face in anxious speculation, as though he could divine her thoughts and sought to inspire her with fresh hope.

The thought of her own peril added a new horror to the night, but still the girl struggled on against the chilling blast. At times she tried to raise her voice and cry aloud, but the noise of the rushing wind drowned her feeble cry. The brave old Morin bayed his deepest note, but no answering sound fell upon their listening ears

At last they approached a huge solitary snow covered tree, with the snow drifted high up around its monster trunk; and, as she caught sight of it, Hetty uttered a feeble exclamation of delight. At any rate, she had kept to the right path—so much the leafless old tree told her; and she was certainly quite halfway to Cranfell.

She paused to take breath and to look around in all directions for some trace of the doctor. Presently, to her great joy, the moon sailed out from behind some of the massive storm clouds and lighted up the white snow-clad moor. She could see for some distance around her now.

### Man's Love.

Although we have the dictum of Byron that

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

it is to be but a poor and common-place philosophy which teaches that man cannot love as truly and permanently as woman. There may be fewer instances of man's life long devotion, but there are many to prove the fact that he is capable of deathless love. There are fewer instances, because the temptations to forget the first strong, overpowering passion of our being are more frequent with men than with women. Other passions naturally try to unseat from the heart's throne any dominant power which tramples them beneath its feet, especially when its sway has been unhappy. The busy scenes which men pass through give to those other passions—ambition, avarice, the love of fame, and many others—every opportunity of dethroning love, if love be in himself not strong and firm. Business, pleasure, danger, strife, and all the many memories attached to them, strive to efface, by the crossing of new lines, the impressions of early years; but the diamond can neither be scratched nor sullied, and if the heart be of a baser stone, it may and will lose the image that it bore; but if it be, like that jewel, firm and clear as pure, it will retain unchanged that which had been once engraved upon it. In truth, the heart that has been truly loved, whether it be feminine or masculine, seldom ceases to retain the shrine of its pure, exalted devotion.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

### Successful Business Women.

"Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer," says a New York weekly, "has fairly won the position she now enjoys as a successful business woman, and her present sumptuous quarters which include the entire four story mansion, 305 Fifth Avenue, and a factory and laboratory on West 31st St., are thoroughly worthy of the industry, intelligence and skill of a woman who has battled successfully and faithfully for the building up of a business, which is now known all over the world. Her life is familiar to everybody and her success is the natural result of a deserving ambition. She has much money, and thousands of the deserving poor of New York and elsewhere can testify to her generous and unostentatious charity. One characteristic makes her worthy of the appreciation of all. She is always sincere, and her business history is one of perfect fairness. The preparations which she has placed on the market have been analyzed by eminent chemists and are not only pure, but they are positively beneficial. It has been long admitted by medical science that the skin can be beautified by treatment; the trouble has always been, what shall be used? The skin should be pure and clear. If it is otherwise the cause is in the unhealthy condition of it. Madam Recamier astonished Europe by maintaining her beauty until extreme age; every one wondered how it was accomplished. Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, who alone possesses the secret of the formulas used by the beautiful Recamier, having purchased them years ago from a descendant of that lady, personally directs their preparation, daily, in her own laboratory. The high testimony of men and women in America and Europe, whose reputations are beyond question, could not have been secured for any use that was not in harmony with honesty and integrity. Such testimony of appreciation and thanks has been extended to Mrs. Ayer voluntarily. Look at the list of leaders of art, literature, law and commerce, who frankly acknowledge that the Recamier Preparations are, beyond question, the best of their kind ever manufactured. The complete success and prosperity of the business is the strongest argument in favor of the Recamier Preparations. Such things cannot last long unless they are what they are advertised to be, and the reward of success is given only to the work of merit."

The articles referred to in the above extract are known as.

**Recamier Cream**, for tan, sunburn, pimples, &c. Price $1.50.

**Recamier Balm**, a beautifier pure and simple. Price $1.50

**Recamier Almond Lotion**, for freckles, moth and discolorations. Price $1.50.

**Recamier Powder**, for the nursery. Will stay on and does not make face shine. Prices—Large boxes $1. small boxes 50c.

**Recamier Soap**—The best in the world. Prices—Scented, 50c. Unscented, 25c.

They are now for sale in Canada at New York Prices.

If your Druggist or Dealer can not supply you order direct from either of the Canada offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal, P.Q., and 50 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

Send to Canada office for circulars with full particulars, copies of endorsements, etc.


"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"

KNOWN AND SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

WILL RELIEVE SICK HEADACHE IN 20 MINUTES

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ALL

Bilious and Nervous Disorders

TO WHICH

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

ARE SUBJECT

is the most marvelous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for WEAK STOMACH, SICK HEADACHE, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, DISORDERED LIVER, etc., and is found especially efficacious and remedial by FEMALE SUFFERERS.

Long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, BEECHAM'S PILLS have an unprecedented demand and the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, Eng. EVANS & SONS, Limited, Montreal, Sole Agent for the Dominion of Canada.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY


### An Appreciative Listener.

Customer—I want some kind of a door spring—one that won't get out order.

Hardware Dealer—A door spring?

Customer—Yes, and one that won't require the strength of an elephant to open.

Dealer—Hem.

Customer—And yet it must be strong enough to bring the door all the way to, and not leave it swinging open a couple of inches.

Dealer—See.

Customer—And when the door closes I don't want it to ram shut like a catapult, with a jar that shakes the house from its foundations.

Dealer—Yes; you want one that will bring the door all the way to, and yet do it gently.

Customer—That's the idea. But I don't want any complicated arrangement that requires a skilled mechanic to attend to it.

Dealer—No, of course not; you want something simple, yet strong and effective.

Customer—That's the talk; something that will do its work quietly yet thoroughly, and won't be eternally getting out of order.

Dealer—I see. I know exactly what you want, sir, just exactly.

Customer—Well, show me one.

Dealer—We don't keep door springs.—*N. Y. Weekly.*


We have a very fine stock of Opera Glasses, Opera Fans, Curb Chain Bracelets, Curb Chain Rings—just the thing for Xmas presents. Brown's, 110 Yonge street.

THE ACQUISITION OF

A Musical Education

Has become so general and desirable that in every family of refinement a Pianoforte is almost a necessity. INVARIABLY 180 purchasers can now secure

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| A 6 | Octave | Square for | $ 75 |
| A 6 | " | Upright for | 90 |
| A 6 3-4 | " | Square for | 150 |
| A 7 | " | Square for | 190 |
| A 7 | " | Upright for | 210 |

Chickering, Newcombe, Dunham, Heintzman

And other second-hand Pianos at special prices for cash or on easy terms.

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.

107 and 109 Church Street

Rosewood Piano Case Melodions at 50c. per week and upwards until paid for.

"Good morning! What delicious tea! From Hereward Spencer & Co., I suppose?"

"Certainly."

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO.

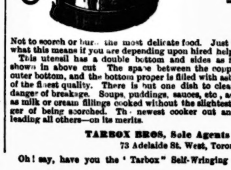
IMPORTERS OF

PURE Indian and Ceylon Teas

63 1-2 King Street West

WE GUARANTEE THE

Crown Cooker



Not to scorch or burn the most delicate food. Just think what this means if you are depending upon hired help.

This utensil has a double bottom and sides as far as shown in above cut. The space between the copper or outer bottom, and the bottom proper is filled with asbestos of the finest quality. There is but one dish to clean, no danger of breakage. Soups, puddings, sauces, etc., as well as stews or cream fillings cooked without the slightest danger of being scorched. The newest cooker out and 'tis leading all others—on its merits.

TARBOX BROS. Sole Agents

73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Oh! say, have you the "Tarbox" Self-Wringing Mop

TO BE HAD AT

J. A. McArthur's

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER'S

Recamier Cream, Recamier Balm, Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, Recamier Soaps, Recamier Powders

AND

Seven Sutherland Sisters

Hair Grower and Hair and Scalp Cleaner

Pharmacy, 230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

'PHONE 479.

## Forty Minutes Late.

"The most fearful accident that ever happens on a locomotive!" echoed the engineer, looking round at me. The brave man was a member of my parish, and I was sitting at his tea-table. After a moment's thought, he pushed back his chair, for the frugal meal was finished, and looked hard at his wife. It was a curious gaze of his honest eyes, and the lady met his glances with an almost pathetic entreaty: "Do not tell it!" written on her kind face.

"She don't like to think of it," he resumed, laughing, at the same time he shook back the long hair that fell in waves over the left side of his brow, uncovering a blushing scar, and revealing that he had been dismembered of an ear. "But I am not so bad a looking fellow, after all," he said. In fact, he was singularly fine looking.

"It is one of those memories," his wife interrupted, rising, "that one fears to recall. But, thank God, it will be no more likely to occur again for the telling of it, and he may tell it while I put the boy to bed, upstairs."

"It was one of those accidents that nothing can prevent," resumed the engineer. "No foresight can guard against the hidden flaw which the best of steel sometimes hides in its own false heart. The best crank or shaft ever forged will sometimes break on a steamer in mid-ocean. So of a connecting-rod on a pair of drivers. Now I think the thing I am going to tell you is the most terrific accident that can happen on a locomotive, because it is the worst I ever experienced. It worked the most havoc and scared me more than any other I ever went through. I cannot get over the dread of it even now, and probably never shall. Still another man might single out another as the worst."

My friend still runs, as he did that almost fatal day, the fastest train that speeds between two large cities. At one end of its flight, the train is obliged to traverse a long tunnel. Millions of people pass through that tunnel yearly in perfect safety. But if they knew the hairbreadth escapes of the first few years, and especially during its construction, even now they might not always sit so comfortably; but the best of appliances have somewhat lessened the dangers.

"When we were ready to leave the depot at ——, the new general manager of the division came along down the platform with the agent, and was introduced to me. I pulled off my greasy cap, and was about to get down, when he said: 'Never mind;' that he was going to run in with us. Of course, I asked him his choice of seats, as you wouldn't to your own father; for whoever rides in the cab, he must take a stand up or the fireman's box, if the fellow is good-natured enough to offer it. A big officer, like the manager, was different, however, and I gave him anything. To tell the truth, I was relieved to know his errand was only to ride; for this English gentleman, a kinsman of our big owner, had been turning up lots of gobd men. He seemed to think we Americans couldn't make fast time, and he forgot that our machines and cars are heavier, our roads not so straight as the English.

"We are forty minutes late,' he said, as he straddlied in front of his fire box and consulted his watch. 'This occurs about every day, my man, more or less, and it's about time the blamed practice was stopped.'

"'Traffic is heavy in October, sir,' I said, trying to smile my pretiest.

"'Can you drive this machine in on time?' he kind o' growled at me.

"I gave him a real Yankee stare back for a moment, and then my blood was up. That was ten years ago, before I had any wife and babies. It is wife, babies, ten years and a ditch or two that takes the dare-devil out of a locomotive engineer. At first a man knows no fear, but any of the aforementioned things kind o' tempers him down. He can't keep his pluck up as at first, do what he will. My wife, by the way, was expecting me to come round with the minister to be spliced a week from that very day. She had sent out some wedding cards—rather showy for humble folks to do. The wedding had to be deferred,' and he tried to smile as he referred to that incident, though it was evident that the remembered tragedy was beginning to overshadow his own manly face, as it had his wife's before she left us. "Well, pastor, I just frowned on the Englishman, and said: 'If you'll choose which seat you'll take, and let my fireman get to some of his work, we'll show you what the Sagamore can do when she is mad.'

"'I will take the stoker's box,' he said; that's English for 'fireman,' you know. And he climbed up, rolling a cigarette and lighting it with a funny kind of foreign machine in his hand.

"I started her easy, felt my cars all get hold. It was before the days of solid trains and couplers. We pulled ten cars. We had a run of seventy-four miles—schedule time, two hours. I was to run it in one hour and twenty minutes. There were to be three slow ups and one dead halt at a drawer. That would give most of the miles in about sixty seconds. I often do that for a mile or two; every fast train does every day. But seventy-four such miles are mighty trying on a machine, now I tell ye, before ye get half through; and nigh on to the end you don't know what minute the poor old creature may break her heart on ye. I looked the Sagamore over as I took her out o' the shop—I always do that with my own eyes; but if I had known what we were to try on, I'd given those connecting-rods more attention. We used to wedge them on the wheels; you have seen the steel keys? Nowadays they are fastened in the shops so the men can't wedge them too tight, every station or two. It is this new way of fastening that causes the ringing noise that you now hear as the big drive-wheels pass you. Did you never notice?

"Well, I soon began to feel of her wind. She was not long in making that fireman's box too uneasy for my general manager. He danced like a toy man. Then he closed the window ahead. Then he shut the one at his side, and braced his legs. Then he let the windows alone, though they rattled open, and he lost his hat, which the fireman caught on the baggage car brake; but Mr. Manager could not let go his clutch on the seat to replace his hat. The hat was all coal-dust, anyway, so it was put into the tool-chest. Now we were just flying. I never took my eyes off the iron, but out of the corners of my eyes I saw how distressed he was. He undertook to holler something, but I paid no attention. The fireman shoved in the sprinklings fine; he knew exactly how. Firing is half the battle in a big run. Well, we were going so well that I was afterward told the paymaster's car, which we were pulling home, could not keep the dinner dishes on the table! No, sir! Twice, going round curves, every dish the boys had was swept on the floor. If we had had dining-cars in those days, wouldn't the soup have been spilled!"

"I should have thought your conductor might have interfered," I suggested.

"I expected he would," was the reply. "But as time went on, and our rate grew simply fearful on the passengers, I knew well enough the conductor had been scolded as well as the rest of us. No; he told me afterward that he simply sat down and said his prayers. But to go on: I saw that we had made up twenty-eight minutes, then thirty, then thirty-three—being only seven minutes behind. But there we hung. She could not increase her lead, do my best.

"I knew then that we should soon begin to lose again, for she was heating. Whether the boxes were lugging on the cars or engine I could not be sure. Then, too, it might have been the curves; at all events we were lugging and losing. We fell off I calculated some five minutes, when we struck the tunnel. It was a heavy rail and a straight track there, and I pulled her clean out for one more spurt, live or die, as we dashed into the steam and darkness of that long hole. In there you can't see anything but signals. The Sagamore answered me for just one plunge. But the next instant, crash! God help me! The whole side of the cab was flying in splinters. I knew what that meant. I jumped from my seat in front of the fire-box. There, under my seat, was the general manager. He had been mercifully knocked in instead of out, but he was senseless. My drivers held their rod yet, but I knew the strain could not last long without snapping that rod, too, as I could not find the throttle to shut her off. It was so queer about that throttle. I turned round and round trying to find it; I kept turning to the left. I thought I had an extra eye just over my ear, and my other two eyes were blind. Thus new eye showed me a beautiful clear light, but not the throttle. Round and round that fearful steam hammer, the broken rod, kept crashing and tearing out the shreds of the cab on that side. Then the other one twisted, which threw old Sagamore plump into the granite wall. We were all piled up there, dark as pitch all about, and finally still. Now, the curious thing about it all is that with my new eye over my ear I actually read the time by my watch, and we were only seven minutes late. Yes, sir, we had made up thirty-three minutes in the seventy-four miles, slow-ups and stops included; and a minute more would have brought us to the station. I just yelled: 'How's that, old English?' and my new eye seemed to go out in darkness."

The new eye was the result of a fearful gash on the side of the head, from the effects of which the poor man lingered on the borders of death for weeks. That postponed the wedding. The peculiar effect of that blow on the head the writer cannot explain, but the fact that he read his watch correctly is substantiated by the conductor of the train, of whom I asked information.

"Were there many injured?" I added, in the pause that followed his conclusion.

"Don't ask me—yes. Thank God, I'm alive! Now, Mollie," addressing his wife, who just entered, "I've told that story for the last time, except in my prayers."


**The Only Pullman Sleeper for New York is via Erie R. R., leaving Toronto 4.55 p.m.**

Comfort is everything while travelling and in order to obtain this little luxury, you should purchase your tickets via the picturesque Erie. You can also leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the magnificent steamer, Empress India, solid train from Port Dalhousie.


### Why They Married

Post cards having been sent out to married men with the inquiry, "Why did you marry?" a large number of responses came to hand, from which the following is a selection:

"That's what I have been trying for eleven years to find out. X."

"Married to get square with her mother, but never have. W."

"Because Sarah told me that five other young men had proposed to her. C."

"The father thought eight years' courtin' was almost long enough. B."

"I was tired of buying presents and going to theaters and concerts, and wanted a rest. Have saved money. J. C."

"Please don't stir me up. J."

"Because I thought she was one among a thousand; now I sometimes think she is a thousand among one. E."

"Because I did not have the experience I have now. G."

"That's the same question that my friends ask me. C. H."

"Because I had more money than I knew what to do with. Now I have more to do than I have money with. B. D."

"I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. P.S.—She is still opposite. A."

"Because it is just my luck. P. J."

"I yearned for company. We now have it all the time. KARL."

"Have exhausted all the figures in the arithmetic to figure out an answer to your question; between multiplication and division in the family and distraction, in addition, the answer is hard to arrive at. OLD MAN."

"I married to get the best wife in the world. SIMON."

"Because I asked her if she'd have me. She said she would. She's got me. BLIVINS."

### On the Rhine.

Tourist—What is the name of that mountain?

German Patriot—Dot vas der Hohellenzuffenschwartzkenfelkimmelber—

Tourist—Excuse me; but I wish also to learn the name of the castle on its summit, and I'm afraid we haven't time for both before we reach our landing.—*Puck.*


Boxing Gloves and Punching Bags

Fencing Foils Masks and Sundries

A man's education is not complete without some art of defence.

We carry the best of goods of this class, which will be found most satisfactory.

**H. P. DAVIES & CO**

81 Yonge Street



**NASAL BALM**

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.

*Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.*

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loosing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, hacking, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death.

NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

NEVER FAILS CURES COLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH

"A FRIEND IN NEED, IS A FRIEND INDEED,"

and to the worn and weary Dyspeptic MALTOPEPSYN is such a friend. It aids the weakened, nearly stomach, by putting into it just what it lacks, namely, gastric juice, which aids the digestion of the food, relieves the pain or heavy feeling, and cures the constipation, which usually accompanies all stomach troubles. As you value your future health, avoid Bitters, Blood Purifiers and Purgatives. If your stomach is what is out of order, purgatives will only irritate it, and so aggravate the Dyspepsia. The disease is in the *Stomach*, so aid the *Stomach*. Endorsed by physicians. Send 2 cts. in stamps for valuable book to HAZEN MORSE, International Bridge, Ontario.


The Transformation of a Paying Teller.

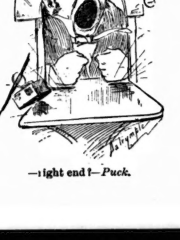
Paying Teller—Good morning!—

—Why don't

—you endorse—

—your check—

—on the—




—right end?—*Puck.*


# MARA & CO.

## FAMILY GROCERS

280 Queen Street West. Telephone 713

The largest and choicest stock in the city of

## Fine Groceries and Table Delicacies

THERE NEVER WAS A TIME

When groceries were so adulterated and so many spurious goods sold as now, 75 per cent. of all the spices sold in Ontario are adulterated, and every article that can be tampered with is done so to an alarming extent. The reason of this is the demand from the retailers for cheap goods, in order to sell cheap.

There's a store where you can't buy adulterated and spurious goods because they don't sell them; where they keep nothing but the best imported, direct from Europe, America and this country, and sell at reasonable prices; where you can telephone or send a messenger with an order that will receive the same attention as if you came personally; where they give 16 ounces to the pound, and have neither two prices nor two names for the same article.

Families in any part of the city will be called upon twice a week for orders if required, and goods delivered same day. They also make a specialty of shipping family orders to all parts of Ontario. Send for price catalogue.



# 1890 CHRISTMAS 1890

Atte Ye Sygne of Ye Traveller's Bag

We have now got our Stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS delivered, and it is choicer and cheaper than ever.

Come and see what we have to sell. It is time pleasantly and profitably spent.

## H. E. CLARKE & Co.

105 King Street West.



**Reliable**

I have four flats, 26 x 100, well stocked with Bedroom Suites, Dining-room Suites, Parlor Suites, Hall Racks, Tables, Book Cases, etc., etc.

I make any style of Furniture to order at your own price. In Upholstering I carry a large stock of Coverings and Frames, and can supply anything.

**Prices Low**

FINE UPHOLSTERING AND FURNITURE

R. F. PIEPER

436 Yonge Street

**Large Stock**

Fancy Furniture imported from Germany, England, France, United States, etc., in great variety at lowest possible prices. It will be a pleasure to see them.

All my furniture is guaranteed by me. I have but one price—everything marked in plain figures. I pack for purchasers from the country free of charge.

**Showing no Trouble**



# CONSUMPTION SURELY * CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



## Stomach

Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. **I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

**Can be**

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never took any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this preparation last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.

My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.

As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## Troubles

Never come alone. If the Liver, Kidneys, or Bowels are disordered, other parts of the body become affected. Ayer's Sarsaparilla restores the vigor required for the healthy action of these organs more speedily than any other medicine. **A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

**Cured**

me of Kidney Disease, when all other medicines failed. It is the most reliable and best remedy for this complaint known to me.—Eli Dodd, Xenia, Ill.

I was afflicted with a severe bowel difficulty; my vitality seemed to be rapidly diminishing, my appetite failed, my tongue was badly coated, and my strength was gone. In this enfeebled condition I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I had not taken many doses before I noticed a decided change for the better. My appetite and strength returned, and my whole system manifested renewed vigor.—E. B. Simonds, Glover, Vt.

I have used Ayer's Medicines in my family with satisfaction, for years, and always have a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

in the house: it is so good for the blood.—Mrs. E. Thruvegen, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

# THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. IV] TORONTO, DEC. 6, 1890. [No. 2


## Two Toronto Problems.

The time was in the history of this community when it made little difference to the ordinary citizen whether water was pumped from the lake or not. The well at the back door and the cistern under the kitchen met all his needs.

When water was first pumped for the city's supply as good a quality as we are now supplied with was obtained in the bay, a few hundred yards from the shore.

Conditions have grown upon us rapidly that have rendered these means of meeting our demands for water no longer available. Population has become so dense that the well is permanently impure, and the water of the bay, that was used safely twelve to fifteen years ago, can no longer be so used because of its ever increasing impurity.

How long will it be before the causes, ever increasing in volume, which destroyed the well and bay supply shall encroach upon the shore waters of the lake in the neighborhood of our present intake, if, indeed, the contamination has not already commenced.

We find ourselves in the presence of two difficult problems that hang, and must continue to hang, on each other, namely, water and sewage.

Experts have been puzzling their brains in trying to solve the unsolvable problem of how to pour our sewage into the source of our water supply without deteriorating the quality of the water.

Every plan they have yet advanced has placed the disposal of the sewage at points far more dangerous to the water intake than where we are now putting it, and it is impossible to dispose of our sewage in the natural way of outflow without to a greater or less extent contaminating our water supply.

There is an alternative scheme, the adoption of which will settle in a sensible and practical way for all time, not only the water question but the sewage problem.

The common-sense and natural solution of this now hackneyed and vexed question to Toronto's citizens of water supply and sewage disposal is the simple word "gravitation."

Our opportunities to take advantage of a natural supply of water are unsurpassed by any community on this wide earth. We have a grand natural reservoir in Lake Simcoe with its area of upwards of 400 square miles and a drainage basin of more than 4,000 square miles, which assures us of quantity almost unlimited and a quality, to say the least, equal to any inland fresh-water lake in the world.

This body of fresh water is almost absolutely free from animal pollution, and in the future we may safely assume that in this respect we need not be apprehensive, as the population is not likely to increase largely within the water shed of this lake. Impurity arising from vegetable decay is no more dangerous in Lake Simcoe than the dangers arising from the same cause contiguous to our present supply.

What can we get water from Lake Simcoe for? The Mayor's experts say upon the most flimsy data, $7,711,000. But practical men nearer home whose opinion on a matter of this kind is much more reliable (than that of strangers who went up to the ridges and looked over upon Lake Simcoe) say $5,000,000, and are prepared to back up that opinion by undertaking the work.

By continuing our present system much longer we will have thrown more than the $5,000,000 needed for this work into the lake and be forced by the changing of circumstances and the climax of events we have failed to safely control, to look in another direction for our water supply.

We have in sight now, means that may be used towards securing to Toronto for all time to come a common-sense water supply. First, a trunk sewer system will be unnecessary with a gravitation water supply—said system estimated by the engineer to cost $2,000,000. Second, it cost the city this year to pump a meagre supply of not very good water $80,000. Capitalized, this is equal to another $2,000,000. Third, it is proposed by the administration to duplicate the pumping plant, and in a few years more a further increase must be made. Coal will not be cheaper and we may safely say that it will cost another $80,000 a year to utilize the new plant, equal to $2,000,000 more if capitalized.

We have, then, in sight and available for a gravitation water supply the following sums:

| | |
|---|---|
| Trunk sewers not needed | $2,000,000 |
| Present cost of pumping | 2,000,000 |
| Prospective cost of pumping (new plant) | 2,000,000 |
| | $6,000,000 |

They may go along on present lines, spend their money as proposed, and it needs no prophet, or the son of a prophet, to say that the last state of this city, in respect to water supply and sewage, will be worse than its first.

On the other hand, let this money be withdrawn from its present objects and applied towards bringing water from Lake Simcoe, and two of the most perplexing question to all large cities, namely, water and sewage, are settled for Toronto finally.

There is another almost paramount advantage to the ones referred to that must strike the mind of the thoughtful citizen at a glance, and it is the development of power.

We are now in a transition state in respect to the application of power for many uses. We do know that we can light our streets and houses and run our street cars by electricity, and in a gravitation water supply we can find the motive power to generate an almost unlimited store of electricity.

Say that at the last fall of thirty or forty feet it would be necessary to make outside the city, a power house should be erected, supplied with the most powerful close Turbine wheels, all the necessary power to light the city and run our street cars could be generated, and the water after it had done this public service would be improved for all potable purposes by having been thus thoroughly aerated.

W. A. Y.

## Music.

A young Hungarian pianist, Paul de Janko, has invented a new key-board for the piano which bids fair to revolutionize the technique of that instrument. M. de Janko's invention has been before the German public for some time, and has met with so much success that a conservatory is now in full operation in Vienna to teach the new fingering and style. In the meantime M. de Janko has come to America and is showing New Yorkers what a wonderful deal may be accomplished. Described in brief his invention is a triple keyboard, slightly inclined towards the performer, the keys being narrower than in the old claviature. This gives three places, at pleasure, nearer or further from the front of the piano, where the same note may be struck. The three keys are attached to the same lever. By this arrangement the hand is always in a natural position, the thumb falling lower than the longer fingers. The width of an octave is so reduced that an ordinary hand can span ten or twelve keys without any difficulty. The hands can cross each other easily, or one can take the upper and the other the lower keyboard. The black keys are marked by a black stripe on a white ground and are on the same plane as the white ones. Now mark the one great result of this: All scales are fingered exactly alike, the relative position of their keys being the same, no matter what the starting point is. Extended chords can be struck simultaneously, instead of in arpeggio style. The possible results of this invention are hardly to be estimated as yet. Just as Wagner's influence depreciated the value of the old Italian operas, so may the Janko keyboard, with the greater richness and fulness of detail that it makes possible for the composer, make us feel that many of our present objects of artistic worship are hollow and poor. Those who have examined it predict a complete change in both piano technique and piano composition through its introduction.

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The other evening I dropped into the Academy of Music to have a look at the Clemenceau Case, and found my attention attracted much more by the music in the orchestra than by the stupid and faky play. Mr. B. L. Faeder has certainly shown us what may be done by even a small orchestra, if it is properly and thoughtfully directed. He has secured a delightfully mellow tone, rich and full, and his people play with taste and spirit. This result is most creditable to Mr. Faeder, and most agreeable to the audiences who have patiently borne the tortures they have had forced upon them at the theatres, whose orchestras have become a bye word for cacophony.

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Cannot something be done to cure the tardy ones of their bad habits. Every concert and every theatrical performance is marred by the practice of these inconsiderate ones who persist in being late. And they are always the same people. Here are forty or fifty people who attend most entertainments that are given, and they are invariably late to the discomfort of all around them, to the distraction of the performers, and to their own discredit. The remedy is a simple one, and is already applied at some of the concerts given here. Keep them out until the number being performed is finished. At the theaters close the doors until the close of the act. It is not likely that this remedy will be applied in the latter case, but any manager who holds to this rule for one week will find it easy to keep his audiences in line afterwards. It is as possible to be in time for an entertainment as it is to catch a train. Then why not do it? Now that our season is fairly begun will be a good time for committees and managers to show their backbone, and insist upon performances going on undisturbed by tardy visitors.

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On Monday evening Mr. W. O. Forsyth gave a very interesting piano recital in the Music Hall of the Toronto College of Music. Mr. Forsyth played a number of selection from the shorter compositions of Schumann, Liszt, Raff, Henselt, Joseffy and Ruthardt. To these Mr. Forsyth added a very clever composition of his own, Song of the South Wind. He showed a capable technique and an artistic sympathy with the classical school, adapted to what may be called the department of occasional pieces. Miss Mary Hewitt sweetly sang two songs by Shelley and Lynes with concert taste and in good style. Mr. August Andersen gave a fine rendering of Spohr's barcarolle. Mrs. H. M. Blight played the accompaniments very effectively.

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A number of musical events which occur too late for notice in this issue will be reviewed next week.

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The interest shown by the pupils and their friends in Saturday afternoon recitals given by students of the Conservatory this year is exceedingly well maintained. Saturday afternoon last the lecture room of Association Hall was completely filled, while the various performers gave a very good account of themselves. The executants on the piano were Miss Bella Geddes, Miss Edith Meyers, Miss Mamie Hogg, Miss Kathleen Stayner, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, A.T.C.M., while vocal numbers were given by Miss Mary O'Regan and Mr. W. C. Palmer.

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The Toronto Vocal Society is determined to allow no grass to grow under its feet. In addition to its regular concert, which takes place on January 22, at which Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the celebrated pianist, will assist, the society will give a special concert, in acknowledgement of the services of its west end contingent, in the flowery suburb on the 29th of the same month, under the direction of Mr. W. Edgar Buck. Adequate arrangements have been made to secure efficient soloists.

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Another proof that the cause of good music, as I have said before, is not by any means languishing in the Province of Ontario, not to speak of Toronto alone, is offered by the fact that the choir of Norfolk street Methodist church in Guelph performed Gaul's cantata, The Holy City, on November 25, with a chorus of fifty-two voices, under the direction of Mr. Charles Crowe, choirmaster of the church. The local papers speak most highly of the performance of the choir and soloists, all of whom were local performers. Mr. A. S. Vogt of this city played several organ solos in his usual correct style.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.

THIS week we have had in juxtaposition two plays produced here for the first time, which illustrate well the extremes of modern dramatic composition. Perhaps no better sample of what is sometimes termed the idealistic school of writing could be pointed out than The Charity Ball. It is pre-eminently an idyll of home life. On the other hand, it is scarcely fair to hold up The Clemenceau Case as an extra specimen of the opposing school. The Charity Ball is a drama of contemporary life in New York city. Its authors, De Mille and Belasco, have selected their material from their immediate environment. They have not gone into the highways and byways, to the dens of vice and the haunts of the unfortunate. They have not obtained effectiveness by contrasting the arrogance of wealth and power with the abjectness of poverty and despair. They have taken their characters from the ranks of opulence—from the bench, from Wall street, from the clerical profession, and from the gay walks of fashion. They have taken the life of homes where white-winged peace is commonly supposed to spread its restful and guarding plumage, and out of these placid scenes they have shown us the passions, ambitions and weaknesses of men and women, guided and controlled by the precepts of religion, law and the influence of society. They have made the delicate fabric of their play depend on mental phenomena rather than physical demonstrativeness. They have punished wrong with the vengeance of charity. They have shown the nobility of a will that controls emotion and action. They have made a play that is vigorous without being turbulent, that thrills without being criminal, that is artistic without being improbable, that teaches without being didactic, and that is moral without being mawkish.

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John and Dick Van Buren are brothers. John is rector of a fashionable New York church while Dick is a Wall street broker. Dick had previously won the affections of Phyllis Lee but does not wish to marry her. To further his business interests he wishes to espouse Ann Kruger, the daughter of the king of Wall street. While he is absent in Europe Phyllis Lee's father dies and leaves Phyllis in charge of John Van Buren, who falls in love with her. Ann Kruger is also in love with John Van Buren and it is out of this complication that the difficulties of the play arise. John Van Buren, not knowing Ann Kruger's love for him, tells her as a friend of his love for Phyllis Lee. At this she is greatly grieved and her first thought is of humiliating her rival. At the Charity Ball she learns of the intimacy between Dick Van Buren and Phyllis. Her first impulse is to cast Phyllis off, but on seeing how she is treated by Dick, Ann's better nature gains the ascendancy and she determines to protect her and take her home. Immediately on getting home Phyllis steals away from Ann and goes off to confide her troubles to John Van Buren. She finds him sitting up alone in his study, but before she can tell him her story Ann Kruger appears on the scene and prevents her from giving the name of her betrayer. After a very affecting scene the truth forces itself on John. Shortly after he hears his brother's voice without, talking to his blind mother. Ann and Phyllis retire and a stormy scene ensues between the brothers. As their hands are raised to strike, their mother enters. Dick at first flatly refuses to marry Phyllis, but by appealing to the nobler side of his nature, he is brought at length to relent and the marriage is solemnized on the spot. This is the climax of the play. The fourth act merely indicates the arrangement of subsequent events. It tells how Dick Van Buren died shortly after his marriage, and how John discovered that Ann Kruger was the woman he really loved. Although this is something of an anti-climax, it is sufficiently absorbing and bright to hold the interest right to the end. To this main plot there are several tributary plots which give the play almost a comedy flavor. These deal with the adventures of Judge Peter Gurney Knox in his efforts to capture the affections of Mrs. Camilla de Peyster, a charming widow, and the courtship of young Alex. Robinson, a Wall street cub, and Bess Van Buren. These are all made bright and sparkling characters and work into the main plot in the most harmonious manner. The blind mother is also a character used with excellent effect.

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A very good company presented the Charity Ball at the Grand this week. Mr. Boyd Putnam took the part of the rector with considerable success, although he looked rather like a sporting parson. Henry Herman was very effective as Dick Van Buren. Mr. Thomas H. Burns made a decided success out of the part of Judge Knox and with his partner Miss Ethel Graybrooke, as Mrs. de Peyster, kept the fun at concert pitch. Walter Thomas and Bessie Tyree were pleasing in the juvenile parts. Ruth Carpenter made a graceful and pleasing Ann Kruger, though her emotional work was not always as expressive as it might have been. Miss Frances Gaunt played the part of Paylis Lee with a fair degree of force and expression. These young ladies, though painstaking in their work, seem scarcely capable of doing justice to such roles as they have undertaken. The Duff Opera Company are completing the week at the Grand.

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*L'Affaire Clemenceau*, the most vicious of all the productions of the French drama seen here, was tried on the people of Toronto this week. Judging from the audience I saw at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, the success which it failed to obtain elsewhere was not accorded it here. Nor was this a wonder to anyone who witnessed the performance. The name of Alexander Dumas is a famous name. Anyone who has read his book from which this play was made will understand, to a certain extent at least, why it is so. To the *motif* of his work, to the choice of his characters, exception may be taken, but the intelligent reader cannot but perceive in them the virile hand of a great artist, versed in the varying mental phases of weak and fallible humanity. If one had not seen or heard of this book it would be a difficult matter to believe that one of the greatest literary men of the French had anything to do with the Clemenceau Case. As I saw it presented the other night it seemed so weakly bad and so badly weak that it seemed to create a universal depression of spirits. There was hardly even a passion torn to shreds over which one could wax enthusiastic. When vice is violent, when it pants and shudders and rages and utters oaths, half its loathsomeness is lost in its tumult. But when it is placid, when it sneaks and crawls and lies and smiles, its nakedness is utterly revolting. Such is the viciousness of the Clemenceau Case.

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I do not purpose here to add any ideas of mine to the much discussed question as to the superiority or otherwise of the realistic over the idealistic schools of fiction and drama. Dumas' work is a notable specimen of the modern French production. Following the tenets of his school he has not made this story point a moral. Virtue, so far from triumphing in the struggle with vice, has here scarcely a subsidiary place. It is barely suggested. The heroine is a false-hearted wanton; the hero a weak-willed and irresolute man. Excepting one or two, the other characters are on a par with these, and the incident throughout is a string of transparent duplicity and shallow intrigue. In his book the novelist has made of this wretchedness a work of art. So much cannot be said for the adapter. The adapter is not, however, responsible for all the poverty of this performance. The company presenting the play is spiritless and untrained. A stage manager and some vigorous rehearsing are badly needed. Probably the most perfect thing about the performance is Miss Estelle Clayton's figure. I presume that whoever selected her for the leading part had this feature paramount in his mind, for her histrionic accomplishments are decidedly negative. But the great drawing attraction of this play, let it be said, is the studio scene where Iza poses nude for her artist husband. For this reason, therefore, one can readily understand that she who wears the skin-tight garments of the model, should properly be dowered with a shapely figure. In this particular Miss Clayton is all that can be desired, and whether in tights or in enveloping draperies is, in appearance, the most successful part of the performance. This play is profiting now by the sensational advertising it has received, but in the best of circumstances, it would be what it is—a most unhealthy work. The Clemenceau Case, as a play, must soon die—a fate which it well deserves—for, as a friend remarked, "It has neither wit, wisdom nor wickedness."

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Bartley Campbell's powerful melodrama, Siberia, is having its annual presentation this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's. Though it is getting as familiar to playgoers here as the Island it still continues to draw. The heads of the company presenting Siberia this week are Mr. Maurice Drew and Mrs. Charles E. Gotthold.

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Mlle. Rhea's favorite flower is the violet and she always has a bunch of them in her dressing-room, in the theater, whenever the fragrant flowers can be obtained. "Don't think me a revolutionist, though," said the handsome actress to a young lady reporter, who had gone behind the scenes a few evenings ago to interview her, and who had stopped to admire a large bunch of violets that were standing in a basin of water. When asked for an explanation of this apparently irrelevant disclaimer the actress answered by a question: "Do you not know," said she, "that the Emperor Napoleon was toasted among the soldiery, and elsewhere for that matter, under the *sobriquet* of Corporal Violet, and that that early flower, or a riband of its color, was the symbol of rebellion, and was worn openly in the sight of the unsuspecting Bourbons?" Mlle. Rhea opens a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House on December 15.

### His Little Way.

Some time ago a captain, who had been on a long voyage, brought home a parrot. The parrot, who had been with him, had learned some of the sayings of the sailors. One evening the captain invited a friend to supper, and began talking about where he had been, to which the parrot replied, "That's a lie."

The captain was rather cross at this, so he covered the cage over. He still kept on with the conversation and the parrot again replied "That's a lie."

This so enraged the captain, that he seized a jug of water and threw it over the parrot, and the parrot screamed out:

"All hands on deck, another thunderstorm!"

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### His Latest Lie.

Mrs. Potts—What time was it when you got home last night?

Mr. Potts—Really, I don't know, my dear. I was so abashed by getting in late that I could not look the clock in the face.

### A Spot on the Sun.

"I say, old chap, you and I are deuced good friends, and our friend-ship would be most satifying were it not for one thing."

"And what may that be, you chronic grumbler?"

"Why, we borrow from each other so persistently that we can never raise a cent between us."—*Judge.*

### A Reproach.

HE room is ablaze
with countless
lights,
The faces catch the
glow;
Like the song of hid-
den water sprites
The rhythmic waltz
strains flow.
And I am one of a
dozen men
Who bow before
your throne.
Ah, Rosalie, I re-
member when
I was the only one.

Last summer I was
the only one
Who waited for
your smile—
When we rowed
about the lake
alone,
And tramped for many a mile.
Then there were dozens of girls around
As fair as they could be,
Yet in my eyes you were always found
The only one to me.

Now, when I ask for a single dance
You hand to me your card—
Ah, sweet indeed is that smile and glance,
But Fate is very hard;
For every dance on your card is gone—
There's not an empty line,
And a certain "F" has five alone—
What! Are those dances mine?

—*Munsey's Weekly.*

### Two Debutantes.

*For Saturday Night.*

Miss Angelina Upton was her name,
Heiress of Upton Court and countless hoards.
With golden trumpets sounding loud her fame,
She makes her first appearance on the boards.

Brilliant the opera house, with jewels, and light,
And occupied each seat—success seems sure,
No untipped critics there her hopes to blight,
Her dresses grand. Her acting—"rather poor."

Another *debutante*, named Effie Reaps.
No flashing gems or marvellous gowns by Worth.
Her dress, so tell the truth, was rather cheap;
Her acting—ah! No modiste gave that birth.

But dimly lighted was the tiny hall,
And few in number were the tickets sold.
Unlike Miss Upton—known to one and all—
The one has genius, but the other—gold.

Ten years gone by. The opera house again,
Full packed the boxes, galleries and floor,
While laggards, seeking entrance all in vain,
Are turned away in hundreds from the door.

Miss Reaps, as Rosalind, they flock to see,
And—greatest marvel—on the self-same stage,
Where ten years back she made her grand *debut*,
Miss Angie Upton takes the part of page!

UNCLE ARLIE.

### Despair.

*For Saturday Night.*

Red darkling sinks the day to troubled rest,
The moaning waves dash out the trembling light,
And not a star of hope is left aglitter
Upon the threshold of my deep'ning night.

The winds of Autumn chill and wild go wailing,
Through winding vale and o'er the naked hill,
Like longing spirits through the wide world flitting,
Searching vainly for the old love still.

Tust love that passed with day from me forever,
And now lies dead 'mid Autumn's shivering leaves,
The yawning earth now safely holds my treasure,
And gaunt despair her coil around me weaves.

A. LEAVENWORTH.

### To the Sunset Breeze.

Ah, whispering something again, unseen,
Where late this heated day thou entered at my window, door,
Thou, laving, tempering all, cool-freshing, gently vitalizing
Me, old, alone, sick, weak-down, melted-worn with sweat;
Thou, nestling, folding close and firm, yet soft, companion better than talk, book, art,
(Thou hast, O Nature! elements! utterance to my heart beyond the rest—and this is of them,)
So sweet thy primitive taste to breathe within—thy soothing fingers on my face and hands,
Thou, messenger-magical strange bringer to body and spirit of me,
(Distances balk'd—occult medicines penetrating me from head to foot.)
I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty northern lakes,
I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow I feel the globe itself swift-swimming in space;
Thou blown from lips so loved, now gone—haply from endless store, God-sent,
(For thou are spiritual, Godly, most of all known to my sense,)
Minister to speak to me, here and now, what word has never told, and cannot tell,
Art thou not universal concrete's distillation? Law's, all Astronomy's last refinement?
Hast thou no soul? Can I not know, identity thee?

WALT WHITMAN, in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

### That's Different.

That is a touching poem,
Now sever I cycles old,
About the hairs of silver
That mingle with the gold.

But yet for royal splendor,
For wild barbaric strength,
For richness and for fulness,
For height and depth and length,

It can't with Mrs. Gray's remark
An instant brief compare
When on her husband's silver head
She found a golden hair.

### Johnny

Johnny's hair is just like silk,
Johnny's eyes are brown;
Johnny's skin is just like milk,
John's lip hangs down!
Johnny in the corner stands,
Johnny bites his thumb;
Johnny doubles up his hands—
Johnny's glum.

Johnny's looks are very black,
Johnny's blood is hot;
Johnny waves his breakfast back.
Johnny eat? Guess not!
Johnny's heart goes pit-a-pat,
Johnny's nurse is sad;
Johnny does not care for that—
Johnny's mad.

Johnny's only three years old—
Johnny's rather young!
Johnny showed to-day, I'm told,
Johnny's little tongue
Johnny cries (don't Johnny blame!—
Johnny's human quite);
Johnny's brand-new sister came
Here last night.

JOHN E. MCCANN.

## Noted People.

Rev. Dr. Stifler of Detroit confesses to having read Paradise Lost twenty-one times.

Lord Lytton—Owen Meredith—author of Lucile, has written a novel in French which is said to be his best work.

Stella Louise Hook wrote Little People before she was twenty. She is a granddaughter of the late astronomer, Gen. O. M. Mitchell.

John Habberton, who wrote Helen's Babies, is very fond of the sea and looks somewhat like a sailor, with his bronzed face, shaggy hair, and loose shirt collar.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward wrote Burglars in Paradise, after a robbery had left her father $5,000 poorer. She exposes in it the deceptions practiced by the detectives.

Helene Hunt's grave, on Cheyenne Mountain is now marked by a heap of stones, every visitor to it casting two stones upon it in accordance with the wish of the woman poet.

English papers say that the funeral of Mrs. Booth was attended by a larger number than would have gathered for any other woman but the Queen of England. Crowds came from the Continent as well as from all parts of Great Britain, showing the hold Mrs. Booth had.

The widow of President James K. Polk recently observed her eighty-seventh birthday at her home on the Polk estate, near Nashville, Tenn. Once a year the members of the State Legislature call on her, and she receives them with the dignity and courtesy due from an ex-mistress of the White House.

The American composer and pianist, Mr. Jerome Hopkins, has been giving illustrative lectures in Edinburgh with success. He has had the advantage of being patronized by the Lord Provost, the ex-Lord Provost, Professor Blackie, LL.D., Baille Walcot, and other persons of local social distinction.

Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter, lost his summer vacation for a rather peculiar reason. He had been commissioned to paint the ceiling for the museum at Vienna, which, on being placed in position, was found to be too small by three or four feet, and Munkacsy was forced to repair to his studio and make the work satisfactory.

The caustic Alphonse Karr, who died recently, on one occasion published a few satirical verses upon a certain poetess, who, in revenge, watched for him in the street, and stabbed him with a poniard; the wound luckily was not dangerous, and the only revenge the satirist took was to suspend the dagger in his study, with the following inscription attached: "Presented by Madame——to Alphonse Karr—in the back."

The Duke of Cambridge is probably the earliest riser amongst all his royal relatives. He keeps good hours, only being present at dinner-parties given by his most intimate friends, and this has much to do with it. On the occasion of a big review, however early the hour may be, His Royal Highness is seldom known to sleep in the neighborhood of the field of battle. At an early hour—five or six o'clock—a cab will be in waiting at his house in Park Lane to drive him to Waterloo for Aldershot.

Recently Professor Virchow had brought to his notice a man who may probably boast of the possession of one of the longest beards in the world. This remarkable beard measured from the chin was slightly under five feet in length, and was of remarkable thickness. Prof. Virchow examined some of the longest hairs and found that they were each split at the end. This goes to contradict the general idea that when hair splits at the end it is a sign of coming baldness.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, vicar of Crosthwaite, North Britain, have erected a monument on "the mighty Helvellyn" to the memory of Charles Gough, the brilliant and beloved young man who was killed there while mountaineering in 1805, and equally to the memory of the devoted terrier who watched alone by her dead master's body for three months, the story of whose vigil is so tenderly told in Sir Walter Scott's I Climb'd the Dark Brow, and in Wordsworth's Fidelity.

John Jacob Armstrong Astor, the four-year-old son of William Waldorf Astor, has had his name changed to John Jacob Astor. The order for the change was granted by the Court of Common Pleas, upon the petition of Charles A. Peabody, who is described as the child's next friend. This change is to go into effect at once. It is made with the consent of both the little heir's parents. All of the family desired the change, because the revised name is the same as that of the child's great-great-grandfather, and his interests will be promoted by the change.

The Queen, who is very fond of all young folks, not infrequently invites the children of her favorite ladies to luncheon with her. A little girl, who had been honored with a summons to Windsor, was instructed beforehand by her mother to behave prettily at table, and above all things not to eat with her fingers as was sometimes her habit at home. The child was careful to observe all her instructions, but on seeing the Queen take up a little chicken bone with her fingers, she quite forgot her manners, and exclaimed with glee, "Oh! you Piggy-wiggy! Piggy-wiggy!"

The Prince of Wales is not the only one of his mother's children who knows how to assert himself. The Empress Frederick is ordinarily the most affable and unaffected of royalties, yet nobody understands better how to give dignified rebuke when occassion requires it. Some ten years ago, when, as Crown Princess, she was spending the winter at Pelgi, on the Riviera, with her three daughters, they were in the habit of making excursions in the neighborhood almost daily, traveling by train and taking their places among the other passengers in any carriage where they found places. On one of these occasions, a Frenchman who happened to find himself in the same compartment with them, being ignorant—or affecting ignorance of the rank of his fellow travelers, was proceeding to light a cigar (in accordance with the universal custom of smoking on that line); but before doing so, he turned to the Princess and politely inquired, "Does madame object to the smell of smoke?" "I do not know the smell, sir. Nobody has ever presumed to smoke in my presence," was the crushing reply.

## The Culture of Character.

IT IS natural that men should admire genius. It is so mysterious in its essence, so inexplicable in its methods, and occasionally so magical in its results, that it captivates the imagination and so bewilders judgment that we are inclined to overestimate its value. Young men especially are apt to fall into the error of supposing that the world is governed by intellect. In reality, the masters and leaders of men have usually been superior to their fellows in the sturdier traits of manhood rather than in pure intellect. If two men live and work together, it is almost certain that one of them will sooner or later come to exercise a dominant influence over the other; but in such a case it very often happens that the subjugated mind is brighter and better stored with learning than the conquering mind. The explanation is that the world leans on character. Steadfastness, calm, self-control, courage, are qualities which, though they may not dazzle the eyes of men, will always attracts confidence and secure a following. They are qualities that enable their possessor to make a fortune or achieve a great career. Business men, for instance, understand very well that it is what one saves rather than what one makes that assures wealth. But who is it that saves money? It is he who is strong enough to sacrifice the present to the future, who has the fortitude to endure a self-imposed privation and the manhood to resist temptation. Character does the work. It is so in every field. Everywhere victory begins at home, and self-denial and self-conquest precede and prepare the way for triumph over the world. If one loves to read, if his quick and sympathetic mind is interested in many things, the danger is that he will fall into a habit of miscellaneous and indiscriminate reading, fatal to thoroughness in any one department. He who would master a profession or a science must begin by giving up a great deal that he would like to know. He must say, "This thing I will know, and, therefore, that thing I cannot know." Self-denial and persistence are here again the secrets of success; but those traits are of the very fibre of education. The sober faculty of judgment is certainly of the utmost value in the practical affairs of life; but it is a faculty which is made up as much of character as of intellect. Men, as a rule, are too much inclined to overlook the reaction of character upon intellect. The safe man is he who walks in the path of duty, the strong man is he who clothes himself with the strength of principle. The grandest characters have an affinity for right and truth. They succeed because they depend upon something stronger than any mere device of the intellect or any expedient suggested by the exigencies of a moment. They may suffer temporary defeat; but they follow the guiding light of principle with a faith which is wisdom. There is always more or less sophistry in temptations to self-indulgence; and the brighter the intellect the more ingeniously will it plead the cause of error. What we call the faculty of judgment is at its best simply a clean vision of the eternal veracities which persist through all history and finally crush all opposition because they are fundamental and fixed necessities. Character is a source of inspiration. When John Stuart Mill was some fourteen years of age he visited France for the first time and spent a year in that country. He was already a scholar of considerable learning, and his experience in a foreign land was probably more valuable to him than it would have been to a less precocious youth. He says in his autobiography: "But the greatest, perhaps, of the many advantages which I owed to this episode in my education was that of having breathed for a whole year the free and genial atmosphere of continental life. This advantage was not the less real, though I could not estimate, nor even consciously feel it. Having so little experience of English life, and the few people I knew being mostly such as had public objects, of a large and personally disinterested kind, at heart, I was ignorant of the low moral tone of what, in England, is called society; the habit of, not indeed professing, but taking for granted in every mode of implication, that conduct, is, of course, always directed toward low and petty objects; the absence of high feeling which manifests itself by sneering deprecation of all demonstrations of them, and by general abstinence (except among a few of the stricter religionists) from professing high principles of action at all, except in those prescribed cases in which such profession is put on as part of the costume and the formalities of the occasion. . . . Neither could I then appreciate the general culture of the understanding, which results from the habitual exercise of the feelings, and is thus carried down into the most uneducated classes of several countries on the Continent, in a degree not equalled in England among the so called educated, except where an unusual tenderness of conscience leads to a habitual exercise of the intellect on questions of right and wrong." We quote this passage not to endorse an Englishman's stricture upon English society, but to show how, in the opinion of a great student, character and intellectual culture are reciprocally related. The love of beauty, of honor and duty, and the sentiment of philanthropy, stimulate the intellect and supply it with noble ends.—*Providence Journal.*

## Varsity Chat

Last Saturday evening the ladies and gentlemen of the first year, freshmen as they are familiarly called, held a social gathering in the Y. M. C. A. hall. Mr. J. H. Brown, President of the Class Society, acted as director-in-chief, and a most cordial time was spent. Every person present was charmed with the events of the evening, especially Orson Rice's eloquence.

Mr. W. H. Metzler, B.A., an old Varsity student has received a major fellowship in Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Varsity has two other sons in the same university, Mr. A. F. Chambelain, M.A., and Mr. A. T. DeLury, B.A., received fellowships there a few months ago.

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Our Glee Club is in a most flourishing condition, and the boys cannot attend all the concerts to which they receive invitations. There are sometimes greater reasons than lack of time for refusal. If the allurements are captivating enough our musicians will not take the trouble to frame an excuse. Their singing during the past few days has shown a marked improvement. The fact that the club is to sing at the Ladies' College, Hamilton, next Friday night may have much to do with the deep interest now taken in the practices. There is nothing that so charms a student as a ladies' college. In the shadow of such institutions he can sing sweet serenades at all times.

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Prof. Wueiker of Leipsic has sent through Mr. G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., one of our graduates, a number of books to the library. The names of the greatest men of the age will be associated with our library.

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At the public debate last Friday night Messrs. J. M. Godfrey and J. A. Cooper advocated in behalf of Imperial Federation, and Messrs. R. H. Knox and J. A. McLean argued against the scheme. Prof. Ashley, M.A., as chairman of the meeting, held that the force of argument was on the side of the affirmative, and decided the debate accordingly. A most pleasing feauture of the meeting was the presentation of prizes to the members of "K" company, Q. O. R., who had won honors at the annual rifle match in November. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Edward Blake. The boys, by their chivalrous bearing, won applause from the audience. "K" company was always popular, and deserves to be so.

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Dr. P. H. Bryce of the Provincial Board of Health, read a paper on Tuesday before the Engineering Society in the School of Practical Science on Underground Waters as a Source of Public Supply.

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On Friday night of last week the students of the School of Practical Science and their friends banquetted at Webb's.

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Messrs. W. Dale, M.A., J. Squair, M.A., W. H. VanderSmissen, M.A., and W. H. Fraser, M.A., lecturers in the University have petitioned the senate and the Ontario Government to have the departments of Latin, French, German, Italian and Spanish represented in the councils of University College and the Varsity. The easiest way to do this is to appoint these gentlemen professors. The students are ready to congratulate them whenever they can be addressed as such.

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Prof. J. H. Richardson, M.D., Mr. J. Stalker, Mr. L. Q. Fiset, Dr. A. C. Lawson, Mr. C. C. McCaul, Dr. McLennan of Trenton, Mr. Campbell, and Dr. Ganier of Lucknow, all Canadians, have sent donations of specimens to the biological museum.

DRAX ALEEN.

## The Servant Question.

About this time, the mistress of the house ties her bonnet-strings firmly, and, taking a long strip of paper upon which advertisements are pasted of cooks, second girls, kitchen-maids, butlers, parlor-maids, laundresses, and other household blessings, sallies forth with the determination that this year she is going to get what she wants, and not put up with makeshifts. At the head of the list is: "A cook (Protestant), thoroughly accustomed to cooking in the best families—honest, temperate, economical, and neat—not afraid of work and fond of children, would like a situation in a private family. Apply at 1892 Intelligence avenue." Starting early, in order that the hundreds of other women on this rampage for household blessings may not head her off, my lady finds, with some difficulty, the number advertised. As the door opens she is met, not by the white-aproned, smiling, neat cook she had pictured in her thoughts, but a room full of young women, representing various nations, who present, in all the array of their summer Sunday finery, the appearance of a very dirty rainbow. Over them presides an unwashed blonde goddess, who signifies, by the extreme style of her costume and coiffure, that she keeps an intelligence office as a pastime or fad, or, maybe, for the study of human nature. She smiles as sweetly as the "Bloom of Youth" will permit her, as the lady inquires for the "Protestant cook." "So sorry, but she has already been taken; but I have others here" (with a comprehensive wave of the hand toward the various beetle-browed, cross-eyed, flannel-mouthed malaperts, who turn their expressionless eyes toward her) "who have the best of references and are all excellent servants." But with the support of her long list in her hand, the searching housekeeper feels able to decline, with some little asperity, the offer of the unwashed goddess, and goes into the fresh air as quickly as possible. Number two on the lis is "A smart, competent cook, with best of references, desires a position in a first-class family." Ascertaining that this can not be an employment office, she takes eight or ten wrong horse-cars, wishes she had thought to take a cab, and finally is confronted by the competent cook, and the following dialogue ensues:

"You want a place as cook, I believe?"

"Yis-sum."

"Where have you lived?"

Girl produces soiled piece of paper, upon which is stated that "the bearer lived for six weeks in my family, and I found her strong, smart, and a good bread maker," signed by some suburban house-keeper, ten years back.

"Is thi all the reference you have?"

"Yis-sum." (Sign of belligerency.)

"Where have you lived since?"

"Been home." (Increased belligerency.)

Searching housekeeper thinks she will hedge a little and waive the matter of references.

"Can you make all kinds of soup?"

"Yis sum."

"What kinds?"

"Oh, all kinds." (Terrific scowl on competent cook's face.)

"What kinds of desserts can you make?"

"All kinds."

"Well name some of them, please."

"Aw, I don't think I'll be after talking wid ye any longer; you're too fussy for a first-class cook to get on wid."

"Well, I hardly think you would do if you can't tell me what you can cook."

"Aw, I wouldn't live wid ye for a dallar a minute; no, I wouldn't!" and the competent cook bangs the door against the heels of the retreating housekeeper.

Resolving not to enter into any conversation whatever with the next advertiser if she shows any such signs of bad temper as the last one, she is agreeably surprised to see a calm-faced woman of extreme composure and servile manner. Changing her somewhat ruffled expression for a pleasant, amicable one, she seats herself before this emblem of servility with a sigh of relief.

"You want a place as cook, I believe?"

"Yes, madam."

"Where have you been living?"

"With Judge Greenbag, in Beacon street, and the Flop-Doodles, in Commonwealth avenue; the Hon. Snyder K. Cheesit of New York, and the Reserves in Milton. I have also accommodated for the Lawns and the Tennises in Brookline."

"Ah, then you must, of course, be a good cook, I should judge. You make all kinds of soups, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, ma'am, I can; although none of the families I have lived in cared much for soups."

Searching housekeeper feels crushed, and wonders why M. E. W. Sherwood or Christine Terhune Herrick or Theodore Child have never mentioned that soup is optional in the best families. Swallows once, and asks: "Desserts! I suppose you make all kinds—jellies, custards, molded puddings, etc.?"

"Well, most of all the places I have been in, ma'am, they were very fond of fruit for dessert, and then they had ice cream from the caterer when they wanted anything extra."

Searching housekeeper does not stop to think this time, but swallows again, and asks: "Bread—you can make rolls, I suppose, and all kinds of muffins?"

"Well, it is some time since I made any rolls, for they have always bought them of the French baker wherever I lived, or ordered them from some of these poor ladies' exchanges. Once in awhile I would make a little loaf-bread but they generally ate those long French twists."

"Meats, vegetables?" gasps the searching house-keeper.

"Well, the kitchen-maid always attended to the vegetables and basted the meats. Of course I'm willing to prepare them."

"But I don't keep a kitchen-maid."

"Where do you live, madam?"

With a tremendous effort, in which defiance, shame, and desperation mingle, madam replies:

"At the South End."

"Oh, madam, I couldn't live at the South End. I should never be able to find my way out there."

And madam retires briskly before her inclination to fling things can be gratified. She goes through her list to find a girl who can cook, but who drinks; a woman who is temperate and belongs to the Presbyterian Church, but can not make soup; a girl who can make soups, but can not make pastry; a woman who can make both soups and pastry, but who can not live with four in the kitchen; a woman who does not mind how many there are in the family or kitchen, but must have two-o'clock dinners; a girl who does not mind late dinners, but will not have children in the kitchen; and by six o'clock my lady flies home in a cab, with her bonnet on one side and her dress bedraggled, wondering what John and the children would say if she should go into the kitchen and do all the cooking herself.—*Boston Gazette.*

## Louise Weber Markscheffel.

We reproduce from the *Journalist* the accompanying portrait and sketch. Mrs. Markscheffel's clever work is not unknown to readers of SATURDAY NIGHT through her article in the summer holiday issue of this year and also a bright sketch in the current Christmas Number.

The subject of this portrait began her journalistic work with the Toledo (Ohio) *Sunday Journal*, some three years since. Developing her particular department—the social page—until it became the recognized strongest feature of the paper, she has extended her duties to include those of associate editor, particularly directing the dramatic and musical columns of the paper.

Mrs. Markscheffel is a crisp, incisive, forceful writer, excelling in epigram and vigor of sentence-coloring, and has extended, not only her own, but the influence of the paper with which she is identified in a marked degree. She is one who writes to tell, rather than say something, and although exclusively connected with one of the less generally known Sunday papers of the west, her work, particularly correspondence, discussions of home topics, and clean cut, briefly put, silhouettes of customs and manners, has found its way into many of the metropolitan papers. Personally, she is a brilliant conversationalist; bright, witty and vivacious, and has the happy faculty of conducting her work in such manner as to combine the dignity of the lady with the research of the expert.

In Toledo, where Mrs. Markscheffel has lived from childhood until now in early womanhood, she is known as a brave little woman who, suffering reverses from loss of fortune has, with the strength and vigor of her pen, achieved that which is so dear to dependent women—absolute independence and a constantly growing power to do well the work that lies in her chosen vocation.

## Books and Magazines.

Capt. Charles King, U.S.A., contributes the complete novel to the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine.* It is entitled An Army Portia, and is characterized by Capt. King's vigorous and breezy style. An excellent sketch of The Bermuda Islands by H. C. Walsh, Types of Fiction by W. W. Crane, a fine poem by Walt Whitman, and other readable articles complete an unusually interesting number.

*Scribner's* December issue is a holiday one and a beauty. Perhaps its most striking feature is the commencement of a series of articles on Japan by Sir Edwin Arnold, illustrated by Mr. Robert Blum, who accompanied Sir Edwin for the purpose. An excellent feature is A Pastoral Without Words, consisting of twelve beautiful illustrations drawn by Howard Pyle. Harry Furniss of *Punch* illustrates an article on Christies. Duncan Campbell Scott represents the Canadian contingent of poets.

The *Atlantic* for December is a strong number. Among its special features are an article On the Translation of Faust by William P. Andrews, The New Departure in Parisian Art by Birge Harrison, The United States Looking Outward by A. T. Mahan. Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes a poem on Old Age. One Talent, and William Wilfred Campbell an excellent poem on Pan the Fallen.

## The Monotony of Mere Money Getting.

There is probably no good American citizen of regular occupation (and good citizens, almost to a man, are regularly occupied) who has not at some moment observed and deplored the fact that his life, without strenuous effort to the contrary, is but a mere passing and repassing over the same familiar ground. The busy man, whether lawyer or merchant, clerk or cashier, soon learns the shortest way from his door to his business, and the chances are many to one that he will always go and come by it. Day by day his feet are slowly wearing away the pavement in ruts scarcely wider than those of the long-silent chariot wheels in Pompeii; were he stricken with sudden blindness he could follow that hurried course in the dark; and as the landmarks along it are so hackneyed that he has ceased to regard them, he might as well be blind to every noticeable thing. Study his face, and you will find that he is absorbed in his task, whatever it may be. Question him about any matter that does not immediately concern that private interest, and he will plead in excuse for his ignorance, often with a sigh of regret, that he has no time for side-issues.

Now, in nine cases out of ten this is not strictly true, though he has made the statement so often that he really believes it, and under oath in the witness-box would solemnly state it again. He does not know what is the matter with him, but you can take your oath, if need be, that the patient old scape-goat of the scythe and hour glass is less to blame for it than himself. He has simply fallen a victim to the money-getting habit—a vice like opium-eating or any other.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

During a Louisiana Flood.

Mr. Lukers—Plesan' ebenin', Miss Swassy.
Miss Ponchatrain—Raight smart. Looks a liddle laik rain, dough.
Mr. Lukers—Da's whad I wuz thinkin'. Would yo' jess as soon postpone our moonlight dribe till 'morrer?
Miss Ponchatrain—Suttinly.
Mr. Lukers—Tanks. Good-ebenin'.
Miss Ponchatrain—Good-ebenin',—*Judge.*

# The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

*Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicely," Etc.*

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## CHAPTER XIV.

PATRICIA'S MISSION.

Patricia Richmond and her brother were to dine that night in a quiet way at Eagle's Crag.

For once in her life the hospitable hostess was glad to see her guests depart, which they did in good time after the interrupted billiard-match. It was not easy to shake off the awkwardness that is the necessary acquition of a scene like the one described in the last chapter, and there was none of the lingering over tea and last words which generally characterized all Patricia's little parties. People did not know which side in the family quarrel she was disposed to take, for the Richmonds were intimate with both houses; and as no one could think of anything else, they rather desired to get away to discuss it at ease amongst themselves.

When at last the great room was cleared, and Gerald had seen off the last of the guests, he came back to his sister with anxious face.

"Well, Patricia, what do you think of it?"

"Exactly what I was going to ask you, Gerald. Is it all a clever piece of acting, or is it genuine?"

"Acting! Why should it be acting?"

"Do you not know what offence this friend ship has always given?"

But Gerald made a little half impatient sign of dissent.

"That's all a woman's notion, Patricia; but men don't go to work this way. Besides, everyone knows that there is a bone of contention between them."

"And that is?"

"Miss St. Cyr. It does not take two eyes to see that they are both over head and ears in love with her. Surely you have seen it yourself."

Patricia leaned forward to stir the fire.

"I have wondered; but I have not been severe. Cedric, of course, is paying open court."

"Well, I don't know—I should say that of the two, Mervyn's was the more open. Don't you know that he regularly waits at Vansittart's? Who else has ever got a footing in that house?"

"He goes there after some researches they are making—not to see Miss St. Cyr."

Gerald laughed.

"He may say that possibly; it may serve as a blind, but young men like Mervyn do not consort with fellows of Vansittart's type for nothing."

"Corona St. Cyr has no eyes for Mervyn when Cedric is near."

"You think not? Well I have that idea myself. I think Mervyn has too, for he is not looking at all himself just now. Some thing is plainly preying on his mind; but he goes still to the Panelled House, and Cedric is furiously jealous."

"It is not like Cedric."

"Love and jealousy will change a man strangely. He was plainly the aggressor today."

"You thought so."

"I am certain of it. The ball was on the bank line to be sure; but he was more to blame than his own. If he had spoken before the stroke was made, the idea would have been scouted as preposterous, but he plainly meant to pick a quarrel. Nothing could be more offensive than his way of speaking when the thing was done. It was a thousand pities old Huddlestone was not looking."

"I never knew Cedric could be so cutting. It is difficult to believe he meant it."

"Of course he is angry on his brother's account; but there was no need to taunt the son with Lord Doversfield's rash blow. It was particularly ungenerous, considering the past friendship; but that is over now, and with a discarded friend, nothing is bad enough. Mervyn behaved very well."

"Mervyn always does," said Patricia, in a low voice, "but I am disappointed in Cedric."

There was a pause, which Gerald broke.

"Didn't you say you were going round by the Towers to inquire for Jock, before we go up to the other house?"

"Yes, I promised Marjorie I would come and see him. He is able to talk now, and asked if I would come. I suppose I must not disappoint him.

"Well, you go there, then, and I will walk up to the Crag. I don't feel much disposed to meet Cedric just now. I might be tempted to speak some home truths; and of all things my real wish is to keep out of this family quarrel, as we always have done so far. I never will condescend to take a side in it; and I think I had better not see Cedric too soon."

"Very well, I will go alone."

And in effect, in the course of another hour, Patricia's carriage drew up before the door of the Towers, and Marjorie came running downstairs to meet her.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come; Jock is so looking forward to it; how gorgeous you are, Patricia, are you going to dine out? How did the match go off? Who won? Cedric has not come home yet."

Patricia avoided answering, and went upstairs to Jock, who was still in bed and in a darkened room, but he was much better in himself and delighted to see visitors, for he was quite unused to illness, and voted it all a "horrid bore."

When he heard Patricia's destination he roused up more eagerly than before.

"Oh, then you will see Miss Castleton! Patricia, do tell her not to mind. Marjorie heard from someone that she was quite cut up about what Lord Doversfield had done. Now do give her a message from me—there's a kind, good, beneficent Patricia! Tell her I don't care a bit. Tell her if it was in her service I'd be proud to take hard knocks every day of my life. Say all that; and tell her it isn't palaver—I really mean it. Will you, now?"

"I don't know if I ought; but I suppose I shall," answered Patricia, laughing.

"Ah! you always were a good fairy—universal benefactor. Hallo! here's Cedric! Well, lad, how did the tournament go?"

Cedric started a little as he saw Patricia, and for a moment his face flushed; but then his smile of rare sweetness shone over his face, and he said in a low voice:

"I am glad you are here. May I speak to you a moment before you leave?"

Patricia bent her head, and went on talking to Jock in a pleasant, chatty way that directed his mind from the thought of the billiard match, and from all other dangerous subjects; and when she had at last to leave, she promised to come soon and let him know how his message to Cicely had been received.

On the landing outside she encountered Cedric, who had left the room before her, and was waiting at the door of a little boudoir into which he drew her.

"I feel I owe you an apology," he said in the gentle, straightforward way that had marked his manner from childhood. He stood before her tall and straight, with a peculiarly sweet expression on his handsome, open face. "I know it seemed an intolerable piece of insolence—I am very sorry it was forced upon me at your house. We—I—had not thought of that just at the time. I don't want to talk about it even to you, Patricia. I think it better to leave things as they are. But will you forgive me, even though I seem not to deserve it—try to believe that I am not quite the brute I appeared?"

She looked at him steadily, her own heart growing relieved of its heavy weight; and after a moment's close scrutiny she held out her hand.

"I forgive you, Cedric—indeed I doubt if any forgiveness is needed. I ask no questions, it is better, perhaps, that I should know nothing but the bare fact that you have quarrelled." She smiled as she spoke, and he replied by a bright, answering look.

"Yes, we have quarrelled," he answered steadily: "I am only sorry that it happened at your house."

"I am sorry that it has happened at all. I am too fond of you both to be pleased at the turn matters have taken."

"They may right themselves in time," answered Cedric, evasively. "Meantime, be surprised at nothing you hear or see."

The afternoon at Eagle's Crag passed off rather brilliantly. Lord Doversfield was in excellent spirits, for he had heard of the fracas at the billiard-table, and how his son had walked off and declined to play with the rude, ungenteel man, and he was in a high state of exultation. Mervyn was more wide awake than usual, and talked with an animation foreign to his ordinary mood, and the party, which was a select gathering of really intimate friends, made merry together, and enjoyed the Viscount's sallies mightily.

No allusion was made to the events of the afternoon, and though Mervyn took in Patricia he never spoke a word on the subject. She followed his lead, glad to see him like his old self again; for, although this animation was not quite like him, yet it did not seem forced, and the cloud which had rested upon his brow had departed altogether to night.

The old pleasant friendliness and mutual understanding between him and his father appeared entirely re-established by this time; and it was almost touching to see with what fond pride the earl listened to his son's conversation, though he made an effort to check his satisfaction behind a mask of dignified indifference.

Cicely's was the gravest face at the table. She looked pale and a little anxious, and once or twice her glance caught Patricia's as if she would fain ask a question if she dared.

Indeed, Cicely had been decidedly unhappy ever since the day of the accident upon the lake. Up to that time she had never taken any particular interest in Jocelyn Musgrave, though when they had chanced to be of the same company she had felt amused by his flow of spirits, and not altogether unconscious of the admiration he was always ready to show for herself. Her position at her cousin's house, however, forbade any outward manifestation of good will; and it was not until he had saved her from what might have been death itself, but for his skill and promptitude, that she realized any link of feeling between them.

Something in his face that day, as well as in the sound of his voice, had brought home to her a thrill of inexplicable gladness and gratitude. She felt that she willingly owed her life to him, and was happy in the thought of her misadventure, until Lord Doversdeld had ventured and told his sister with a sort of proud satisfaction of the chastisement inflicted on the insolent intruder.

Poor Cicely! Since that time her life had been quite embittered. Of course, the earl was sincerely sorry for what he had done, but much too proud to make any kind of apology. He had received too many insults from the rival house of Musgrave to feel any very deep compunction for a single act of retaliation. If the young man had told his business he would have escaped unscathed; as he chose to assume a cheery air of impudence, he must take the consequence of his folly.

Such had been Lord Doversfield's judgment; but it did not make Cicely less miserable. She heard all kinds of exaggerated reports of Jock's illness, and almost feared his very death would next lie at her door. She thought about him in a fashion that she rather despised in a young girl of romantic disposition, for Cicely, though outwardly grave and self-contained, was but twenty, and was full of high flown ideas as most young maidens of that immature age.

So Patricia, who read these signs in her face, took pity upon her, and delivered Jock's message, word for word; and Cicely went happy to bed that night, dreaming of family reconciliation and of Jock; whilst even then the dark cloud of misfortune was sweeping up black and lowering in the mirror of the sky.

## CHAPTER XV.

MRS. MUSGRAVE VISITS THE PANELLED HOUSE.

Mr. Musgrave was so delighted with the story of the billiard match and the "foul stroke" and accompanying insult, that Cedric rose at once into high favor. He clapped him on the back, and called him a fine fellow. He declared to his wife that he would live to be a credit to his house, and a thorn in the side of their opponents; and he was altogether so pleased and elated that Mrs. Musgrave was seriously disconposed.

She threw out some dark hints to the effect that Cedric was playing a deep double game; but as was natural under the circumstances, produced but little impression, and was in great fear herself that her scheme had entirely changed his position towards the other house. She saw very well his attachment to Corona St. Cyr, and understood the motive for his antagonism to the Viscount. Mervyn's visits to the Panelled House were whispered about the place, and she felt certain what was the real motive of his desire to obtain a footing there.

All this while Mrs. Musgrave had never seen Cicely upon her distant kinsman, Mr. Vansittart. She did not want to call attention to her design of winning the heiress for her own son; but she was really more set upon it than ever, and felt that any doubt of Jocelyn's heirship of Musgrave Towers, a rich marriage was an imperative necessity, as she knew that her husband's pride in his landed property was so great that he would leave the bulk of his fortune for the maintenance of the palatial house in true palatial style.

But Cicely seemed to stand in her path whichever way she looked. What could be done to get him out of the way!

At last one day she stood before the door of the Panelled House, and after a certain amount of delay was ushered into Mr. Vansittart's study.

He received her with his peculiar smile.

"I thought I should see you here one of these days," was his comment, as he drew up a chair and invited her to be seated.

"I am afraid I have been very neglectful of our kinship all these years," she said, as if pure good-will towards Mr. Vansittart had brought her here. "But from the very fact of being to self up, I imagined that you desired seclusion, and only your recent appearance in society led me to hope you were about to make a change in your ways."

"We have all to adapt ourselves to circumstances," was the smiling answer, as Mr. Vansittart locked at his visitor through half closed eyes. "The care of two fair young girls is a great tie; but at the same time a source of infinite pleasure."

"How came you to be appointed guardian?" The question was a little blunt, but it did not appear to give offence.

"You think the choice of guardian peculiar? I suppose many people do the same. Indeed, it seems so to me at times. St. Cyr and I were at school together. We were, in boys' language, 'chums.' He was rich and careless, I was poor and careful; and in the end I managed all his financial affairs for him, and he profited by it greatly. After our school days we never met. He married an Italian and lived abroad. She died, and he took to a life of travel. Occasionally we corresponded. Once he wrote to ask leave to appoint the guardian to his two daughters, and offered of their fortunes till the elder one came of age. They were both in the convent, where they had been educated, and it was not likely I should ever be called upon to act, as my friend was still young, and the elder girl not so many years from the attainment of her majority. She has all her mother's, as well as half her father's money, and is something of an heiress, as no doubt you know."

"They say she is worth half a million."

"Divide that by ten, and you will get more nearly at the mark. But people love to gossip. Well, the father died suddenly, rather more than a year ago. I left the girls for time where they were, then brought them home with me. It seemed right that they should see something of their father's native land."

"Just so; and if Corona marries, she should certainly marry an Englishman."

"I believe she has every intention of doing so."

Mrs. Musgrave started.

"Do you mean——?"

"Surely you have observed it too. I thought it was plain enough to other eyes. Your handsome young stepson wins all the ladies' hearts, Mrs. Musgrave. It seemed to me that there was an excellent understanding existing between him and Corona."

Mrs. Musgrave sat very still, thinking deeply, and eyeing the man before her with stealthy glances. She could not read the expression upon that crafty face. It looked cruel enough to satisfy even her, but his words were smoother than butter.

"Should you approve?" she began, flatteringly, and his smile was blander than ever.

"Whom better could I hope to secure for the ever-fair, ever-handsome young heir of Musgrave Towers!"

A hot flush swept over Mrs. Musgrave's face, which darkened like a thunder cloud.

"Do not reckon upon that!" she said hastily. "There is no entail; and if my husband has any sense of moral justice, it is my son Jocelyn who will be his heir."

Mr. Vansittart did not question her rather peculiar code of moral justice, perhaps he had felt that they had fenced long enough, for he paused suddenly for several minutes.

"Let us drop the mask and be frank. In plain terms, Cedric is in your way!"

"Yes; the heirship was promised to my children, but I have never been able to get a will drawn up excluding Cedric; and he is beginning at last to see the bearing of things, and to plot to retain his birthright—or what he would call such."

"Most unreasonable conduct in an eldest son!—and you want to keep him out of the way!"

"Yes."

"Whilst the clever dog, to have a second string to his bow, enters into a clandestine engagement with the heiress!"

"You don't mean they are engaged!"

"I do, indeed."

"Then we are too late."

"Not at all. By the exercise of a little simple ingenuity we shall easily contrive that Jocelyn is made his father's heir, and that Corona gives up her handsome lover for one more really worthy of her."

Mrs. Musgrave looked fixedly at her companion; his face, with its intensity of subtle power and cruel purpose, was terrible. She feared him, whilst she longed to hear more.

"And how can you achieve that?"

"Very simply—by putting Cedric out of the way."

Mrs. Musgrave turned a little pale.

"Do you mean—killing him?" the last words were merely whispered.

The smile on Mr. Vansittart's face was not a pleasant one to see.

"My dear madam, your ideas are, if I may be allowed to criticize a lady, what might be called little raw and crude. I am sure that such a murder would simplify your way completely, as a dead man cannot inherit his father's wealth; but it would not answer my purpose at all. In order that we should fully understand one another, and play into each other's hands, I will frankly state that I intend to marry Corona myself; but I will undertake that your son Jocelyn inherits his father's patrimony, and will keep Maidie for him if he still wants her a few years. She will be twenty-five and twenty thousand of her own, the little rogue."

"To see Jocelyn recognized as his father's heir will suffice me. I hoped he and Cicely might like one another; but I do not think they ever will. I resign all thoughts of that. I will help you in every way in my power. Tell me what I can do."

"I will. In the first place you must supply me with money; in the second place you must have as easy consciences as I have well, the Cedric's past antecedents that will shake the faith of any trusting maiden."

"The second is easy enough. As to the first, I must do what I can. I have no private funds, and my husband has heavy drains upon him just now. That agent of his——"

"I am aware of it. That agent, Moulde, who is so successful in stirring up strife on Lord Doversfield's property, he requires large sums to bribe and tempt people. Well, I will, my dear madam, if you can induce your husband to meet the demands of his rapacity, I ask no more; I am content."

Mrs. Musgrave looked intensely astonished.

"You do not mean——?"

"I mean that I have lived long enough to know that if you wish a thing done well, the only way is to do it yourself. I have also learnt another thing—trust no one, unless it be a fellow-conspirator, whose interest in keeping silence is even greater than your own."

"But—but—what are the Doversfield tenants to you? What interest have you in the matter?"

"In them—none at all, save that they may be useful tools. Do you think that Rome was built in a day, or that a delicate scheme of vengeance could be carried out without patience, subtlety and watching? I have been working and waiting—biding my time. And now events are ripe—all is ripe for the climax"

"And that is?"

He drew a little nearer, and his voice was lowered to a whisper.

"Do you not know that Lord Mervyn and your stepson are at deadly feud together?"

He watched her face keenly as he put this question. She glanced at him with a look almost as intent, and said with a certain amount of subdued hesitation:

"I have heard so, of course."

"Have you any reason for disbelieving that statement—that opinion?"

"No reason exactly; only a vague instinct. They have been friends from early boyhood."

"Very possibly; and when men who have once been friends become rivals in love, their enmity becomes at once ten-fold more bitter than, if they had never known each other before."

"Rivals in love!"

"Exactly, that was my word. Lord Mervyn is also in love with my fair young ward, and Cedric Musgrave is growing desperately jealous."

"Indeed!"

"So desperately jealous," pursued Mr. Vansittart in low, even tones, "that there will be mischief between them sooner or later."

Mrs. Musgrave listened eagerly. She knew not how far this man before her was to be trusted, but this statement on his part was corroborated by so much that had gone before that she felt there was truth in it.

"You really think that?"

"I more than think it—I know it. Cedric Musgrave is leaguing himself with the disaffected persons on Lord Doversfield's property, who have tried to remove the Viscount from their path. One of these days there will be some shocking tragedy. The young men will meet, inflamed by passion—that can easily be arranged beforehand—words will end in blows; and we easily can see how such a contest will end. Your stepson has twice the Viscount's strength."

Mrs. Musgrave listened with a strange look on her face.

"But a criminal trial—the exposure and disgrace—Mr. Vansittart; if this encounter is about to take place ought it not to be stopped!" He looked at her with a calm kind of contempt.

"Stop it by all means if you can. You will be a benefactor to your kind if you prevent of an angry man's jealousy. But as for the criminal trial, we can avoid that if you wish. As a kinsman of yours—as sweet Corona's guardian—I will do what I can to save you pain. If this rash youth commits himself in such a way as shall bring him within the reach of the law, I will do my utmost to save him from the consequences of his rashness. I will provide the means for his escape from the country if you will furnish the funds."

Mrs. Musgrave sat regarding him fixedly, in silence, and presently he continued.

"A criminal and a fugitive can inherit nothing. Your son will inherit his father's wealth and broad acres; and Corona is the heir and cry is over the unpleasantness will soon pass. Our sweet Corona will gradually come to see that a murderer's blood is not the thing for a bridegroom's mind; and with the little testimonies of his unworthiness which you will furnish, will come to think she has had a lucky escape."

"If girls had only sense, they would."

"But you think they seldom have? Well, I share that opinion myself. I do not think that our clear girl will be very jubilant at her escape from the lot of Cedric's wife; but she will be forced to relinquish all hopes of attaining that object. She will then, I doubt not, fall into a depressed state—for Lord Mervyn who might chance to try and console her, will then in all probability be out of the way also—and in that low state of nervous depression a woman is easily worked upon. If her heart's darling lay in a bloody grave she would cling to his memory with redoubled tenacity of purpose, and be forced to live her life alone for his sake; but when he has proved himself the shedder of blood, and is wandering with the brand of Cain upon his brow, she will be less difficult to deal with."

To say that Mrs Musgrave was not shocked at the depth of cunning and calculating villainy revealed by this man, or that the proposed solution would be to make her out a worse woman than she was; but her lust of gold, and her sinful hatred to Cedric had grown into such a passion with her, that she hardly shrank from any means by which he could might be attained.

Mr. Vansittart, who was a keen student of human nature had not trusted her thus with out knowing what he was about. She might recoil at first, but she would come round to his way of thinking later. Indeed, already she was almost won over.

"You will do Cedric no harm?" she questioned, her better nature, such as it was, getting for a moment the upper hand. "I do Mervyn's danger is no affair of mine. It he chooses to embroil himself with his agents, and stir up Cedric's jealousy, he is welcome to do so. I fear he deserves it, in being reckless and getting the reputation of bravery; but Cedric is after all my husband's son. I do not wish to harm him, and if he be innocent I have no power to interfere. But I should like to feel that his personal safety will be secured."

"Be assured that he shall be carefully tended as the scion of such a noble house deserves. Believe me, my dear madam, the proposed course is just—the one and the only one to save him from shame and death. He will be cared for under my own eye. I will see that he is adequately concealed during the first search, and when the right time comes he shall be sent secretly away, and between us we can supply him with funds for his journey, or make him a little independent of us. Of course, his own property will be forfeited; but he will have no trouble in making his way—a fine young fellow like that. I trust me, my dear Mrs. Musgrave, Cedric shall be well looked after. I will take care of that!"

"And how will you ensure secrecy?"

"Ah, that is my affair, good cousin. I have an idea in my head; but it would be better not to talk needlessly on such points. Trust me, that will be safe; I know what I am doing. I too have a point to gain."

Mrs. Musgrave shivered slightly. She recalled sinister stories of this kinsman, but after all there was nothing so very evil in this proposed plan, which was to save Cedric from the consequences of his own guilt. But why should he care to do this?

"May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Have you sufficient evidence that there will be a crime committed? Jealous men have quarrelled most bitterly times without number, yet no thought of bloodshed has entered the mind of either. And Cedric seems to me a peculiarly unlikely man to make such an assault."

Mr. Vansittart's face wore its slight crafty smile.

"Rest assured my good madam that I know what I am about. Your step-son is in love in a fashion that is somewhat unfortunately complete, and a man in that mood can be a vindictive assailant when he suspects black treachery from one he once called friend. Have no fears. Only supply me with funds, and you will have no cause for reproaching me with having played you false."

Mrs. Musgrave slowly held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said, abruptly. "You shall have all I can get."

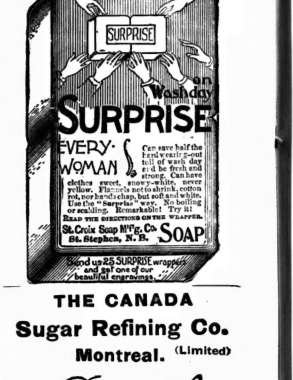
"It shall not be spent in vain," answered Mr. Vansittart. "In a week from this time you may look forward to hear some startling information."

*(To be Continued.)*

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Thyrza, by Gissing, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

### For Girls.

Grace is more a boon than beauty of feature. The girl of the time has got an inkling of this significant truth and is unconsciously and intelligently making practical tests of it. Those of them who are really entitled to be called wise make these tests in the open air; in other words, they take judicious out-door exercise. The precise form of it does not make much difference, so long as it is kept within rational lines and practiced systematically, and above all, with unbeviating regularity. To be wollowy, sinuous, serpentine—that is the idea of superfluous grace—and to attain it in walk the head must be kept firm, the movement must come from the hips. In this way there will be no tossing or shaking of the skirts, and the swaying, undulating motion at the waist will emphasize the coveted serpentine effect. For the most effective cultivation of this undoubted charm of walking is *facile princeps*, as it brings the muscles in fairly uniform action. The undulations make the by head, chest and torso in a vertical plane are not only productive of the Hogarth's line of beauty, but tend to perfect physical health. Grace is such an indescribable thing that negatives aid in the definition. It is not graceful to walk on the heels, to take long strides, or to raise the foot from the ground more than two inches; it is not graceful to stump or to lay the foot down with a defiant or resounding noise; it is not graceful to square the shoulders, soldier fashion, or to set the elbows akimbo, as in driving; it is not graceful to hurry, bustle or fuss, for speed is not conducive to grace of motion, save among thoroughbreds. Another foe of grace is self-consciousness. The really pleasing, graceful, gracious woman rises above her raiment, and once her toilet is complete she gives no more thought to it.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# HIS HEART'S QUEEN.

BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

*Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.*

CHAPTER XXXV.

VIOLET MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A week went by after Violet's capture and Mr. Lawrence, although he made every effort, night and day, had not been able to learn anything regarding her mysterious disappearance; neither had the young girl herself succeeded in finding any loop-hole by which she might hope to effect her escape from the custody of Wilhelm Mencke.

She had, however, managed, by her unvarying courtesy and kindness, to win the good-will and sympathy of the woman who waited upon her, though she could not persuade her—notwithstanding she tried every inducement that she could think of, to give her an opportunity to get out of her prison.

"I can't let you go, mis," she said, when Violet pleaded with her and tried to explain that she was abetting a great wrong by keeping her thus confined. "I've taken my oath that I would guard you faithfully as long as your brother kept you here and I can't go back on my word. He said you'd try to wheedle me and tell me all sorts of stories about him, but that was to make no difference; and then I can't afford to lose the pay he gives me."

"What does he pay you?" Violet demanded, eagerly, and thinking that perhaps she might be able to outbid Mr. Mencke.

"I promised I wouldn't tell you that either, miss," Sarah responded; "but it is to be more to I ever earned in my life before, if I stick to my engagement; if I don't, and you get away from me, I'm not to have anything."

"I do not care how much he has promised you," Violet said, driven to desperation. "I will give you my note—a written agreement—for a hundred dollars more than he is to give you."

The woman flushed, and seemed to be considering the advisability of taking the tempting bait.

Violet gathered courage from her apparent hesitation.

"My friends must be very anxious about me," she continued, "and I am very sure that the gentleman with whom I have been living—I have mentioned a gentleman in his family—would also give you something handsome. Besides, it is a crime for you to aid Mr. Mencke in keeping me here against my will."

"But he says he has a right to govern you—that he is your guardian," Sarah returned, thoughtfully.

"He is not; he, with my sister, was made the guardian of some property which my father left me, and which I was not to come in possession of until I was twenty-one; but he has betrayed his trust, he has squandered everything I had, and I shall never get anything," Violet explained.

"If that is so, he is a scamp," Sarah said, indignantly; "and if I was sure that your story is true, I'd give up my place and tell him to get somebody else to wait on you; I don't want to get mixed up in any criminal affair."

"Oh, no!" Violet cried, looking frightened, as the woman spoke of resigning her post to another; "if you won't let me go, pray stay with me; you at least are kind to me, and Wilhelm might get some one who would abuse me and whom I should be afraid of."

Sarah was touched by this tribute and Violet's evident liking for her.

"Well, I should hate to leave you, miss, I confess," she said. "For I've never seen any lady, in high life, before, who was so pleasant and sympathetic with poor folks; but I've given my word and I can't go back on it. I don't set myself up for a saint," she interposed, with a short, bitter laugh. "I'm far from being one, though since you've been here, I've begun to wish I could be a better woman. But I can't go back on my word, besides—a flush mounting to her brow—he, Mr. Mencke, has got a good hook on my man, who ain't any better'n he ought to be, and he swears that he will clap him in jail if I turn traitor."

Violet saw that it would be useless to argue the question further with her, and that she not only would not aid her in any attempt to escape, but would resolutely defeat any effort on her part to get away; so nothing remained to her but to try to think of some stratagem by which she might obtain her freedom.

The time hung very heavily on her hands, for she was too unhappy to take any interest in reading, though she was abundantly supplied with books and papers, and she found it very hard to be patient in her trouble.

She knew, of course, that Wilhelm Mencke could not always keep her a prisoner there; that when he should accomplish the purpose—whatever it might be—for which he had brought her there, he would doubtless let her go.

Still it might be a long time and she rebelled more and more against her disagreeable situation.

One thing distressed her exceedingly; she felt sure, and indeed Wilhelm had hinted, that one of his projects was to get money out of Mr. Lawrence for her release, and she could not endure the thought of being employed as an instrument to "bleed" her kind friend—to use a bit of slang; but, though the weary days were mostly spent in deep and painful thought, no feasible plan for escape had yet occurred to her.

One morning, nearly a fortnight after her capture, Wilhelm Mencke came into her room, while in his hand he held a large business-looking envelope.

She had not seen much of him thus far, for, as we know, she had frankly told him that she wanted him to keep away, for his presence was disagreeable to her.

Wilhelm at once that he had come with some special object in view, and her curiosity was at once to know what it might be.

"How do you find yourself, Violet?" he asked, helping himself to a chair, and regarding her searchingly.

"As well as I could expect to be under the circumstances, I suppose," she replied, coldly. Then she demanded, spiritedly: "How long do you intend to keep me shut up like this, Wilhelm Mencke? I insist that you tell me, I cannot endure this suspense."

He laughed at her anger.

"You don't find it very agreeable to be caged, do you, my pretty one? And you are looking a trifle pale from the confinement. What a pity it is that you didn't marry your English earl; then you'd have escaped all this disagreeable experience," he sneered.

Violet did not reply to this taunt, and he resumed, in the same strain:

"I suppose you don't know that his lordship is visiting here just now? Perhaps you'd like to send him word of your uncomfortable predicament, and see if he would come to your rescue."

"Lord Cameron in New York!" Violet exclaimed.

"Yes; but the fact can't benefit you, and your chance of hooking him again, under any circumstances, would be very slim," Mr. Mencke retorted.

"You are very rude, Wilhelm," Violet replied, indignantly, though a flush dyed her cheeks at the coarse insinuation. "I have no desire to marry Lord Cameron or any one else; but I would be glad to undeceive him about that terrible accident at Mentone and let him know that I am still living. I know that he would be glad and would do be my friend as of old, for he is a noble man through and through."

"Well, he has managed to console himself for your loss," Mr. Mencke returned, with some asperity, for it angered him to see how little she regretted the position she had forfeited. "for he is going to be married, and right soon, to a New York belle."

"Lord Cameron going to be married!" Violet repeated, in surprise and interest in her tones. "To whom?"

"Nobody you know, I'll warrant," said her brother-in-law; "but she belongs to the upper crust of the city."

"But what is her name?" persisted Violet.

"Humphrey—Miss Agnes Humphrey."

"I do know her, and oh, I am so glad!" Violet returned, with a shining face. "Wilhelm, this is the pleasantest thing you have told me in years. Miss Agnes Humphrey is one of the sweetest girls I have ever seen, and she will make a lovely Lady Cameron. I would give a great deal to be able to congratulate him upon having won her."

"Well, Violet, I must say you are the queerest girl I ever heard of," said her companion, gruffly. "Here you have let such a chance as that slip through your fingers, and now you seem delighted to have another woman walk into your shoes."

An expression of scorn curled the girl's lips.

She was disgusted with the coarseness of this man, who could only think of position and pecuniary advantage in connection with marriage, without regard to love or honor. But she made him no answer; she knew that he could not appreciate her motives nor the refined sensitiveness that had made her shrink from marrying Lord Cameron for his wealth, when she had no love to give him.

"Well, all that is past and gone, and Cameron's doings are nothing to us now," the man went on, after a moment. "I came to see you this morning chiefly on business—I have a paper here that I want you to sign."

"You want me to sign a paper? Of what nature?" Violet demanded.

"That doesn't matter. I simply want your signature."

"But you cannot expect me to sign anything blindly," the young girl persisted. "I must know the nature of the document before I put my name to it."

"What has got into you?" Wilhelm Mencke exclaimed with an oath; "you used to sign these papers readily enough when I wanted to dispose of property for you."

"True, for I believed in you then, Wilhelm. I had confidence in your integrity."

"And you haven't now, I suppose I am to infer from that," he sneered.

"No; how can I when you have so betrayed your trust! But what do you wish to dispose of now? I thought my real estate had all been sold, and that you had used up all money belonging to me," she replied, regarding him suspiciously.

"No; there's something more belonging to you yet, and I only want to turn it into ready money for you, the proceeds but shifting uneasily under her searching look.

"Of what does this property consist?" Violet inquired.

"That doesn't matter. You are too young and inexperienced to understand business affairs. Just write your name on this line," he added, unfolding the paper in his hand, and pointing out the line, as he laid it before her, while he also passed her a stylographic pen, and I will attend to everything else."

He had heard nothing in reply to his advertisements for his wife. They were still running in the papers, and he was doing everything he could to find her, for he feared that she would be recognized as the nearest of kin to Violet, and it would be an easy matter for her to get possession of the fortune that had recently been left to the girl. But there was a possibility that he would not find Mrs. Mencke at all, and, in view of this he had armed himself with a document giving him the power of attorney for Violet, and the right to control her property until she reached her majority. With this document in his possession, he could, at least, reveal the fact that she was still living, secure the fortune for her, and while he could control it, feather his nest for the future.

Violet looked the paper carefully over, but it was so full of legal technicalities she could not half comprehend it; she only got a vague idea from it that Wilhelm wanted her to give him unlimited power over some property which still belonged to her.

She studied it awhile, then dropped into a fit of musing, while he sat watching her, with an eager, cunning look.

She did not believe that there could be much of anything left, for he had once told her that every dollar of her money was gone, and it was a surprise to her to learn that he had overlooked anything—it might, perhaps, be an item in some house or store, and perhaps she could make a bargain with him for it.

"If I will sign this paper will you release me?" she asked at last.

He scowled. Evidently he had not expected such a request.

"Perhaps so. I'll think about it," he replied, evasively.

"Very well; when you have decided, you will please let me know," Violet quietly returned, as she pushed the document toward him.

"I want you to sign it now," he said, angrily.

"I will go with you at once to any lawyer's office, and sign it in his presence, with the understanding that I am free to return to Mr. Lawrence immediately after," Violet calmly answered.

"I suppose you think you are very shrewd in making such a proposition," sneered her companion, "but I am not going to accede to it, and you must sign that paper. I am still your legal guardian, but I cannot negotiate for you without your signature."

"I do not want you to negotiate for me, Wilhelm; if there is any property still belonging to me, it can rest as it is until I am of age to negotiate for myself; and as you refuse to let me go if I will sign for you, I may as well try to save what little there is left of what my father willed me."

The young girl spoke composedly and decidedly, but she was terribly disappointed not to gain her point.

Wilhelm Mencke was furiously angry over her obstinacy. He coaxed, begged, and threatened; but all to no purpose—she resolutely refused to comply with his demand.

At last a sudden thought inspired her.

"How does it happen, Wilhelm, that it is necessary for me to sign this paper," she asked, "if everybody but me is to be dead? Why do you claim this property for yourself, since you and Belle would naturally be my heirs? There is something in all this that I do not understand."

The man flushed hotly. He saw that she suspected double dealing on his part, and he would not, upon any account, have her learn of the fortune that had recently fallen to her.

"I can't find Belle," he said, suilenly, "and as long as she lives, I cannot touch anything that belongs to you without your signature."

"Well, suppose you get my signature—people will then know that I am living, and you may have some at least, questions to answer as to my whereabouts," Violet suggested, while she watched him closely.

"That would not trouble me," he answered. "I simply want the right to handle this property for you."

"Was that the reason you brought me here?"

"It was one reason."

"What was another?"

"There is a reward of five thousand dollars offered for intelligence of you," he returned, with a cunning leer.

"Oh, Wilhelm! where is your honor—where is your manhood?" Violet cried, in great distress.

It was terrible to think of Mr. Lawrence becoming a victim to the rapacious cupidity of such a rogue.

"It is a shame to impose upon him in such a way—I will not have it—I will not bear it. Oh, you must let me go," she cried, greatly excited.

"I will sign the paper—I will make over the property entirely to you if you will only release me."

"I cannot do that at present; when I decide upon a way to get that five thousand, without any risk of being arrested, you may hope to go back to the rich old codger," the man replied, and evidently enjoying her distress.

"Meaning, when I decided, 'you'd better be reasonable and do as I want you to.'"

"Never! I will never sign for you!" Violet exclaimed.

"Then you may have to stay here a good deal longer than you have any idea of. I'll keep you just to punish your obstinacy," her companion returned, with an angry oath. "Your signature may not be so important after all," he added, a moment later, "since if I can find Belle, or prove that she is dead, I can manage everything very nicely for my-self."

He pocketed the document as he concluded, and then abruptly left the room.

Violet was very much depressed by this interview, and burst into a flood of tears as soon as he was beyond hearing. It seemed as if there was no possible hope of release for her for a long time to come, while she was impressed that her degraded brother-in-law had some deep scheme, for the ruin or robbery of some one in mind.

But she soon dried her tears, reasoning that she would soon make herself ill if she gave way thus to grief, and arose to find a book to distract her thoughts.

As she did so, her glance fell upon an envelope lying in the chair where Mr. Mencke had been sitting.

She picked it up and saw that it was addressed to him and postmarked Cincinnati, also that it was of recent date.

She stood irresolute with it in her hand for a moment or two.

She longed to know its contents, and yet her innate sense of honor recoiled from reading another person's letter.

"I will read it," she at last said, resolutely. "I believe, under the circumstances, I am justified in doing so."

She drew the letter from its envelope, and turning to the signature saw that it was from a noted Cincinnati lawyer, and going back to the beginning she read the following:

"CINCINNATI, Jan. 18, 18—.

"WILHELM MENCKE, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favor of the 12 h, I regret to inform you that, unless the death of Mrs. Mencke can be proved beyond question, the property recently left to Miss Violet Huntington, by the late Jonas Huntington, cannot pass into your possession—at least for a number of years. As you say, and rightly you are next of kin, in lieu of your child, who died in infancy; but, under existing circumstances, the property will have to rest as it is, until Mrs. Mencke makes her appearance or you can bring positive proof that she is dead.

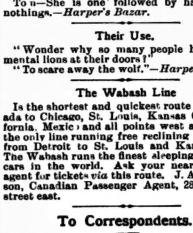
"Yours very respectfully,

"RALPH MIDDLETON."

Violet's face expressed intense wonder, as she finished reading this significant epistle.

"It does not seem possible," she murmured. "Papa's brother—Uncle Jonas—that I have returned to Cincinnati and died since we left. How strange! for everybody has believed him to be dead for years and years. And he has left me some money, it seems—probably because papa allowed him to name me—and Wilhelm wanted to get the power of attorney from me, so he could control it. That is why he kidnapped me," she continued, light breaking in upon her—"he was afraid I should find it out and go to claim it for myself. Forewarned is forearmed, and I will never sign any paper for him again. I will set all my wits at work to get out of this place, and then I will go at once to Cincinnati and claim what rightly belongs to me."

*(To be Continued.)*



A rank outsider.—*Life.*

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### Simply a Matter of Sex.

Miss Notinit—I detest all sorts of rings. If I were a man I should keep out of them.

Mr. Slowcome—How about a wedding ring! Miss Notinit—Well, you see, I am not a man.

### Her Attending Zero.

Jack—I tell you what, Maud makes quite a figure in society.

Tom—Yes. When I see her at a party with her dude admirers, she reminds me of a million.

Jack—?!?

To n—She is one followed by half-a-dozen nothings.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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## To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" SATURDAY NIGHT Office.]

PLANTAGENET POTTS.—See Molly Bawn.

DAPHNE.—Carelessness, self-will, generosity and discontent are shown in your writing.

LUCILLE.—The story was not accepted. Will you send stamps and address for its return.

ESTHER.—You lack order and merriment, but you are gentle, tender, impulsive and cordial.

GENERAL TOURA.—You are a coldest, brisk, a little selfish, origi al, orderly and hasty tempered.

TRICKSEY.—Carelessness, ambition, unselfishness, unself fishness, self-esteem, candor and cordiality.

MAIBE.—This writing shows honesty, sensitiveness, petulance, good intuition, and strong self-will

CATHERI E L R.—Your writing points to ambition, resolution, celibacy and refinement, order and candor.

PALMERSTON.—You are probably resolute, unostentatious, liberal-minded, self-reliant, prudent and industrious.

VELMA.—Order, sociability, self-reliance, mirth, candor and independence of thought are shown in your writing.

JOE.—Writing indicates originality of thought, decision, tenderness, loyalty, perseverance and some self-esteem.

CIVIL SERVICE.—Your writing denotes order, good intuition, practical ability, energy, perseverance, tact and self esteem.

DAHLIA.—You are generous, very resolute with much independence of thought, fair intuition, good order and self-reliance.

IRENE BAILEY.—I am afraid that you are very careless and undecided, Irene. Further, I see erratic temperament, reserve, self-will and courage.

SYDNEY, Brantford.—You are doubtless gentle, yet persevering, genial, kind-hearted, courageous and perhaps a little too self b. I do not consider you conceited.

MOLLY BAWN.—You are fond of company and luxury, and are sincere and ambitious but too half-hearted to succeed well. Try and be more conscientiously careful.

L. C.—Writing shows quickness at reaching conclusions, amiability, some egotism and a good deal of fondness for genuine fun. You are undoubtedly possessed of good tact and independence of thought.

TESS —Yes, you might invite him, but be careful about mention of that kind. 2. Your writing shows an inquisitive disposition, a rather fastidious taste, some petulance, originality and a little—very little order.

SLIP.—What a dear little note you wrote! Such brief, intelligible and kindly letters do not often come this way. Your writing shows order, an inclination towards jealousy, impulse and, to a slight degree, discontent.

EGOTIE.—The address was correct. Many thanks for your assurance of success as to the rest of them. You are generous, fond of order, tolerably sociable, good intuition, generous, a little petulant and very self willed.

VELVET SNOW.—You are reserved, practical, energetic, self-reliant, courageous and a little too self-assuming. 2. The "little sister's" writing resembles yours so closely as to denote the same characteristics. You must be twins, I think.

SILK WORM.—The girl's face shows resolution in large quantities, fastidiousness, good intuition, inquisitiveness and merriment. The other indicates shrewdness, an indecisive will, some vanity, a kindly and unselfish nature and fastidiousness of taste.

BESS —If he is very nice, and your mother does not object I will give you full and free permission. But, my little friend, why do you ask me? You will do just the same, though I should tell you that you would be violating Dame Grundy's law. Would you not?

NAN.—McDowell company played The Private Secretary last year. Your writing shows some carelessness, impulse affectionate disposition, but strong self-will. I am afraid you are a bit of a coquette, Nan. Be careful, sensible, womanly little girl, and be brave when the skies are clouded.

KINCARDEN.—It is almost a month since you wrote this letter, and I am sorry that it has not been answered before, but I just came upon it. Your writing exhibits a good deal of self-esteem, decision and ambition. You are doubtless genial and merry, not often sad, but perhaps a little too ostentatious.

INAMORATA.—Your writing displays determination, self-reliance, pride, tact and self-esteem with considerable amiability and love of luxury. Your writing shows some impulsiveness, a rather captious temper, cordiality, candor, sel will and much tenderness. I dislike to venture an opinion on so important a matter. In this case, yes; but try and develop your resolution.

MOHAWK.—I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but I have been executor for the author of the lines, but cannot find them given in any reference I have been able to consult. Perhaps some of the readers of correspondence can oblige you, and I will give them below:

"Though far and fast the rapid moments run,
Thy b eom beaveth not, shine eyes are clear,
Silent, perhaps a little sad at heart
She is—I am her friend and I depair."

BILLY.—The Prince Arthur's is the more ceremonious, but is more rarely worn than the cutaway coat, which is the correct form of afternoon dress, and may be worn upon any occasion which does not require evening dress. 2. Writing shows extreme cordiality, volubility, courage, independence, unselfishness and perseverance. 3 The enclosed is not sufficient to reveal much. It indicates generosity, lack of order, resolution and a tendency to dwell too much on trifles.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.—It is difficult to say, for his taste should be consulted as well as yours 2. I am afraid the mustache would have a hot place in your mouth with you. You were jesting, were you not? 3. There can be no possible harm in doing as you say. 4. Read English. 5 Your kind words were very acceptable, and are showed away for use on one of those days when the sun shines bright. Your writing indicates delicacy of taste, reserve, good judgment, energy, determination and cordiality.

SLEEPY.—It is hard to say who is the handsomest woman in Canada. Mrs. Langtry's profile is faultless, Mrs. Anderson's statuesque beauty was raved over, Mrs. Brown-Potter's expressive features were lauded to the skies, and a noted critic recently said that Miss Rehan's stage presence had never been equalled. 2. I do not think that a trifling yawn is a bad form after a philippic has been lost. 3 No, a month is not too short a time 4. Your writing shows amiability, tact, resolution, originality, tenderness and merriment.

PANSY F.—Why, Pansy, how shocking to ask me such a question. The young lady referred to would rise up in her wrath and indignation if I dared to answer you. I am very glad you did not want to pick a quarrel with me after receiving your character delineation. 2 Try bay-rum and water. 3 Brush it lightly but thoroughly with the fingers, and brush your hair for fifteen minutes daily, and an hour one day a week. 4 Well never be good unless it is well brushed. Yes, I do think the ends should be singed slightly after cutting the dead split particles off.

TOMMY.—"Some of we fellows" must have a good time, I think. I strongly suspect "we fellows" attend a lady's school. 1. No, a boy should offer his arm, and never take a girl's unless he does it to prevent her falling, and then he should apologize. 2 Acme skates, No 8 probably. 3. You cannot tell if a girl likes you—at least I don't believe you can, but you will be nearly as particular about conveying the fact as you are anxious to discover it. If she does, she is too proud to let you know for certain. If she does not, she is too polite. Politeness and pride are dreadful characteristics, Tommy, my boy.


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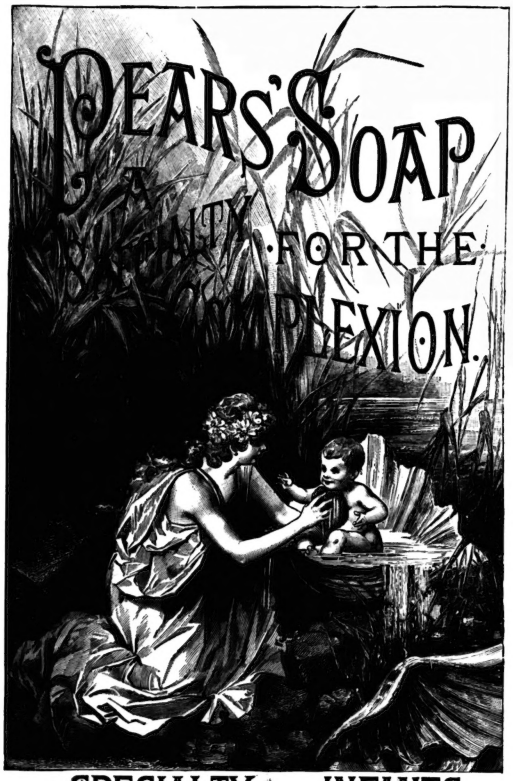


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Wooden—Did you see the president when he was here?

Sharpe—No; but then he didn't see me either.—*Boston Times.*

### Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Nearly four hundred ladies and gentlemen were present at the dance given on Thursday of last week in the Amateur Athletic Club rooms by the Ottawa Rowing Club. The dresses of the ladies present were pretty and tasteful. Ivory white and cream predominated amongst the younger ladies, although there were some very stylish and graceful gowns both in black and in the paler shades of blue and pink that lent a pleasing variety to the monotony of the white toilettes. Very little jewelry was worn, but this was more than made up for by a profusion of natural flowers, white chrysanthemums being the favorite. The following were some of the most attractive costumes: Mrs. Charles H. Tupper wore a gown of pale sage color *peau de soie* and cream brocaded satin. The bodice and sleeves were trimmed with gold passementerie. Mrs A. P. Sherwood's dress was of pale blue silk damask with a side panel of pink. The corsage was trimmed with a pretty combination of pink flowers and blue swansdown. Mrs. R. J. Devlin, pink brocaded silk skirt with tulle draperies and corsage trimmings of tulle and ribbon rosettes; Mrs. R. Blackray, pale blue surah, pink feathers, and diamond ornaments; Miss Henderson, lemon colored cashmere and satin trimmed with loops of ribbon and lace; Miss Wise, black velvet dress with crimson sash, *a la militaire*; Miss Murphy, pale green crepe de chene, gold ornaments; Miss Mabel Taylor, white surah trimmed with lace and ostrich plumes, topaz ornaments; Miss Le Breton Ross, pink cashmere, with trimmings of lace and pearls, pearl ornaments; Mrs. Le Fleur, Nile green surah silk, with garniture of gold passementerie and pink roses; Miss Roger, cream surah trimmed with moire ribbons and white flowers; Miss Clarke, black lace with ribbon and jet trimmings, gold beads and turquoise ornaments; Mrs. W. Scott, black satin and lace trained skirt, velvet corsage trimmed with Marechal Neil roses; Miss Thistle, cream brocaded satin trained dress with pink trimmings and wide pink sash; Miss Edith Thistle, pale blue moire dress, satin ribbon trimmings, gold and pearl necklace; Miss Mather, pale blue silk damask, trimmed with velvet rosettes and drop steel ornaments; Miss T. McLean, pink surah with trimmings of ruby velvet, pink ribbon and chrysanthemums; Miss A. Brown, lemon colored silk with Spanish jacket of bottle green velvet and necklace of gold beads; Miss Hanset, cream satin and grenadine, panel of drop pearls, corsage of satin with garniture of pearls; Miss Thorne, cream damask cashmere, garniture of gold passementerie and red roses; Miss Dora Stewart, pink silk and tulle, roses, pearl ornaments; Miss. D. Bell, white tulle, garniture of ivory satin and lace, natural flowers; Mrs. J. F. Shaw, mauve satin and white brocade, trimmings of lace and flowers, oriental necklace; Miss Monk, pale sage color surah dress with trimming of cream lace, gold ornaments; Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, black lace dress *entrais* with garniture of jet, gold ornaments; Mrs. Sidney Smith, white satin brocade with figured silk net draped over train of plain white satin, corsage of brocade with white Spanish lace trimmings; Miss Petersen, blue cashmere, garniture of gold cord, gold beads; Miss Duplessis, pale blue satin, gold ornaments; Miss Masson, cream veiling trimmed with white lace and pink ribbon rosettes; Miss Minnette, white lace with crimson sash and ribbon trimmings; Miss Freil, black satin, lace and jet, roses.

Last Thursday Ottawa society was treated to an agreeable innovation in the shape of a Thanksgiving reception, given by Mrs. Lay, wife of Col. Lay, U. S. consul general. The affair took place in the elegant consular residence on Wellington street and lasted from four to seven o'clock in the evening. Between four and five hundred ladies and gentlemen attended, and the occasion was a most enjoyable one. Mrs Lay is a charming hostess and conversationalist, and Col. Lay, the Misses Lay and Mr. Julius Lay were most attentive to their guests. The Guards' band played a choice selection of music during the reception.

He (who has just been accepted)—Do you believe in long engagements?

Chicago Widow—No. I prefer short ones, and (thoughtfully) plenty of them.—*Life.*

Mr. Dreary—How early it gets late these October evenings!

Miss Weary—Yes, indeed. It comes time to go home long before you realize it.

### Grand Opera House.

Mr. Lewis Morrison appears at the Grand Opera House Monday night, to remain for one week, with his novel, highly effective and superb production of Faust. Aside from the elaborate staging of Faust, the drama is rendered in the highest degree interesting by Mr. Morrison's graphic representation of Mephisto. A grateful relief to that uncanny personage is the charming Marguerite. Mr. Morrison has strengthened the cast by engaging David Murray for the important part of Faust. The production is a duplicate of Mr. Henry Irving's great London Lyceum Theater success, and is undoubtedly the grandest thing of this kind ever seen in Toronto.

Misses E. and H. Johnston have now in stock an elegantly fitting corset, manufactured especially for them, and carrying out in its fashioning the correct idea of perfection in fit. All figures can be exactly suited.

### Society keeps Caterer Webb on the Move.

His engagements for the week have been about as follows: Monday, the dinner for the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society at Webb's Dining Rooms, 150 guests. Tuesday, the St. Andrew's Society Ball in the Pavilion and Miss Eaton's wedding. Wednesday, the dinner at Belleville give by the officers of the 15th Argyle Light Infantry, the invited guests including several cabinet ministers, and on the same evening the graduating University Students held their annual dinner in Webb's parlors. Thursday evening, the St. Alphonsus' Association held their annual banquet at the same place. Friday evening, the Trinity Medical College Students and their friends held their annual high grade dinner to the number of 150 guests. With regard to the gastronomic quality of these several events we have nothing to say, merely adding that the caterer was "Webb, enough said." In addition to the above Mr. Webb has this week fed at his restaurant over six thousand persons.

When looking for Christmas novelties you should bear in mind that Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge street, carry the latest and largest assortment of perfumes and toilet requisites.

The Dude's Galop, by R. Gardler, and In The Autumn, by H. Morey. Whaley, Royce & Co.

# Grand Opera House

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MATINEE SATURDAY ONLY

Positively the Grandest Production on the American Stage

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Commencing at 8.15 promp ly.

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Ladies' Fine Suede Gloves, shoulder lengths, in opera shades - - - - - - - $1.50, worth $2.50
Ladies' Fine Tan Suede Gloves, in shoulder lengths - - - - - $2.25, worth $3.50
Ladies' Heavy Black Cashmere Hose (extra value) - - 3 pair for $1
Ladies' Merino Wool Vests, long sleeves - 65c, worth $1.25
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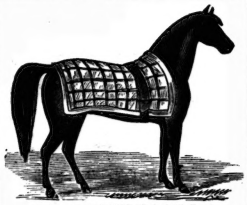

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## NOTICE

A general meeting of the shareholders of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited) will be held at offices of the said company on

Wednesday, December 17, 1890

AT 3 O'CLOCK P.M.,

When the annual statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.

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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

#### Births.

STEWART—At Toronto, on November 27, Mrs. Fred. J. Stewart—a son.
WRIGHT—At Clinton, on November 28, Mrs. C. H. C. Wright—a son.
CHESNUT—At Alliston, Ont., on November 6, Mrs. T. Herbert Chesnut—a son.
NEWLAND—At East Toronto, on November 30, Mrs. Samuel Newland—a son.

#### Marriages.

AYRE—MACLEAN—At Stanley House, Lake Joseph, on November 27, Charles E. Ayre to Maude Minnie Maclean
BELL—McWHARTER—At Petrolea, on November 27, J. J. Bell, B. A., to Selina McWharter.
WATSON—RUSSELL—In Caledon Township, on November 26, Thomas Watson to Cassie Russell
BROWN—SPEIGHT—At Markham, on November 26, Benjamin R. Brown of Lansing to Gussie Speight.
MAITLAND—GOULD—At Smith's Falls, on November 26, John Maitland to Mrs. Adelia Gould.
BURDEN—EATON—At Toronto, on December 2, Charles Elbridge Burden to Maggie Beatty Eaton.
ACHESON—PHYMISTER—At Montreal, on December 3, George Acheson, M.A., M.B., of Toronto, to Louie Phymister.
HOWARD—MAUGHAN—At Toronto, on November 26, Theodrick Charles Howard to Florence Maughan.
McLAGAN—CLARK—At Hamilton, on December 2, Alex. McLagan to Ann Clark.
FORTERFIELD—CASTLE—At Toronto, on November 19, Thomas A. Forterfield to Eleanor L. Castle
STOVEL—HORSNELL—At Toronto, on November 26, Albert E. Stovel to Annette A. Horsnell.

#### Deaths.

OULSTER—On November 28, Thomas Oulster, aged 49 years.
SUTHERLAND—At Oakville, on November 26, Thomas J. Sutherland, M.D., aged 52 years.
LEMIEUX—At Toronto, on November 30, Mrs. Lemieux, aged 60 years.
LYNCH—At Sacramento, Cal., on November 29, Mrs. Margaret Lynch
O'HALLORAN—At Toronto, Mrs. Johanna O'Halloran, aged 100 years.
MORT—At Chatham, Ont., on November 28, Mrs. Robert Morton, aged 49 years.
DUGGAN—At Brampton, on December 1st, Mrs. Ann Duggan, aged 72 years.
HOLLAND—At Toronto, on November 19, Mrs. Martha Holland.
LOUDON—At Toronto, on November 28, John Lorn Loudon, aged 13 years.
CHASE—At Cornwallis, N.S., on December 1, Mrs. Rebecca Albert Chase.
SPARROW—At Toronto, on December 1, Oscar J. Sparrow, aged 18 years.
CHISHOLM—At Hamilton, on December 1, Katie Chisholm, aged 18 years.
BURROWS—At Dundas, on November 30, Mrs. George F. Burrows.
YOUNG—At Port Union, on November 28, William Elliot Young, aged 66 years.
GORDON—At Toronto, on November 28, daughter of F. and Janet P. Gordon, aged 5 months.
STACKHOUSE—At Toronto, on November 29, Mrs. Armina Massey Stackhouse.
McNAUGHTON—At Vaughan, on November 23, Mrs. Isabella McNaughton, aged 75 years.
ROLPH—At Cincinnati, on November 28, Mrs. Grace Rolph, aged 7½ years.
LAWRENCE—At Toronto, on December 3, William Lawrence, aged 66 years
STURGEON—At Toronto, on December 3, Cumberland Sturgeon, aged 8 years.

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*Children's and Boys' Knitted Mitts, at from 20c., and Lined Kid Mitts, with fur tops, at 50c worth 75c*
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Ten thousand dollars' worth of Dress Goods, Millinery, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Velvets, Plushes, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Underclothing, Corsets, etc., before January 1.

**A GREAT LOSS**

To do this means a great loss to us, but it is a satisfaction to us to know that our customers will be the gainers.

**A GENERAL SLAUGHTER**

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**NOT SATISFIED**

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